AEthel-GRAMS or Hammers Struck in Golgonooza - AEthelRed

20-9-78

Front/
Cover/. A Gigantic World; pitifully, humanly Scaled!
And when the Giant Awakes—out of that dis-inte-
Grative rubble 'rouses the TRUE MAN: the Absurd
Reduction Born of No Last Chance. "Without Con-
Traries, no Progress." Without Progress, no Fallacy
of Contradiction./ "... for it is not by Measure that
He gives the Spirit!" And " No one receives anything,
Except that Heaven gives it." To whet, to wit
The damascene obscenities of Split-tongue, Silver-
Quickened Ironies, I speak on Wednesdays thusly:
"To what I See, have Seen & Heard, I am the Bearer
And the Witness"/ And these inclusive Here, are
AEThel-GRams; or Hammers Struck in GolgonooZA.
Glad Sloughings they are, adding to The Hillock: The
mere, the Don deposit, ex cathedra, hastening intrans-
igient the Self-hood made of Death borne-up
Exerementitious. No Fact, no Fictive wafting
phantasy. Eye-witnessings come of the Giant
Who's Absurd!/ "Another England I have seen,
Another London with its Tower, another Thames—
And Other Hills..."/ There are more Grassy Knolls
In Ohio than One can Shake a Stick-at. And Puffs of
Lamb-tail Smoke, The faintly Repercussive One-Shot
'Round the World of Gyring gyres Here. The Scrying
of out-landish Heaven's Hellish Marriage, once and Now,
Espouses Here Six Stoney Night Jars and their whites
of Eyeballs quaking on the Shelf. (Turn to the BACK
COVER for more of the Scribe of Scrim, thin Author of
Upholstery who Hails the Depth of SKIN—AETHELRED.)



or, *Hammers Struck in Golgonooza* by
AEthelred Eldridge — published by
Golgonooza, The Church of William BLAKE
R.R. 1, MILLFIELD, OHIO 45761 —
AE



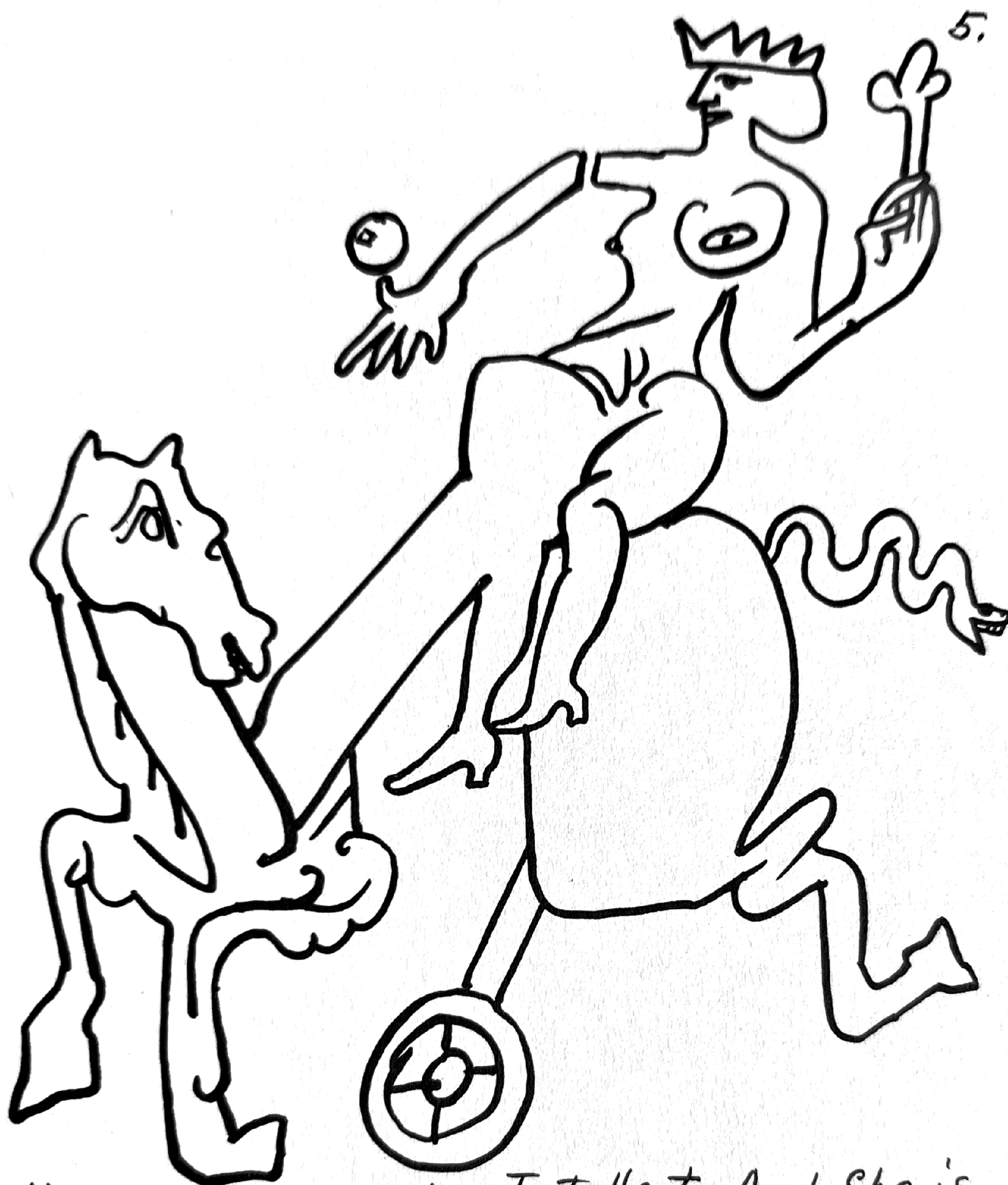
R.R. 1, MILLFIELD, OHIO
45761



AEthelred and Alexandra Eldridge And
FRIENDS of ALBION

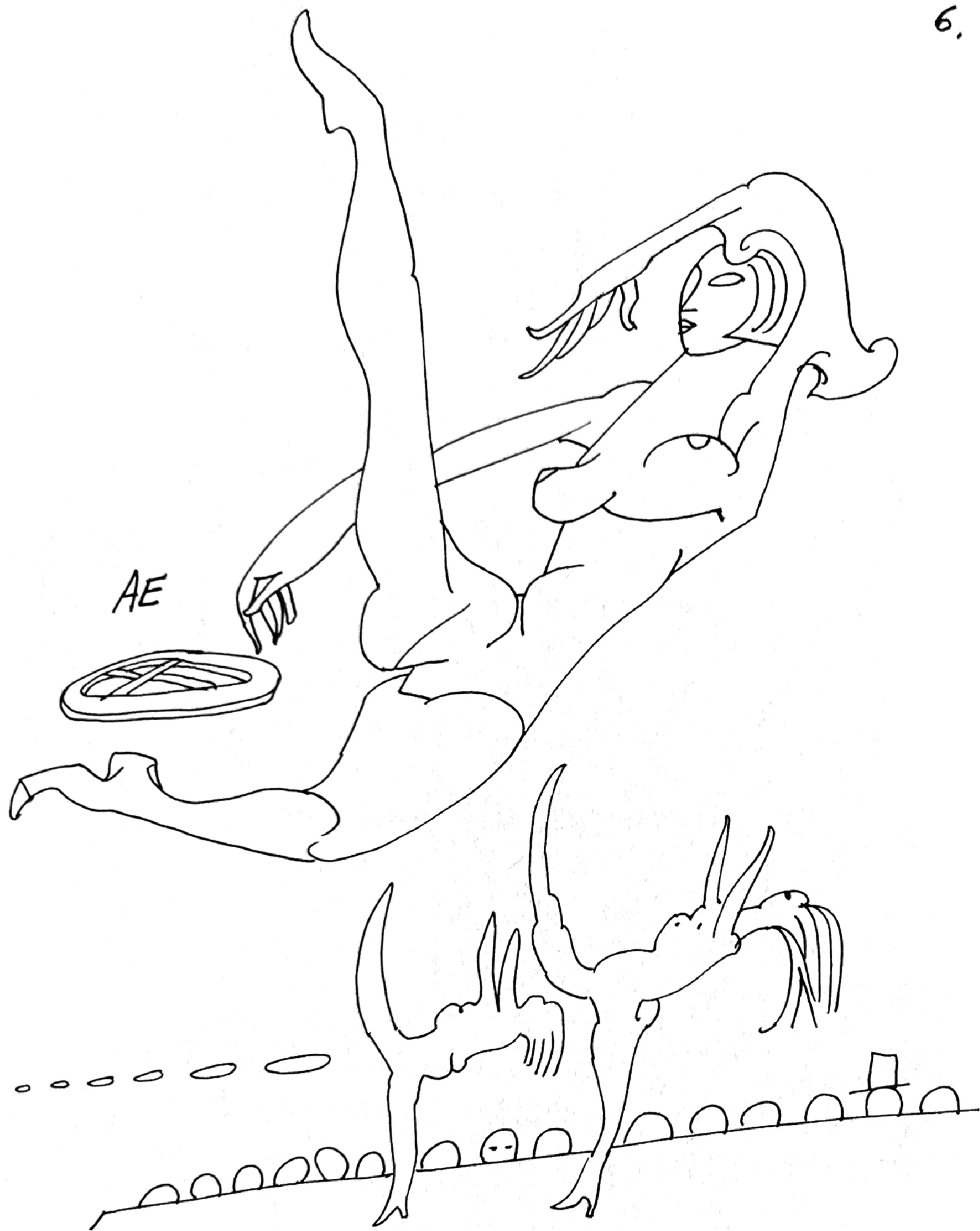
23-9-78

Dedication I cannot concoct a carnal Quid quoth instance to the Parallels of Knowledge streaming left and Right-eyed to the Prime, or Instant, of evanishment. Nor what Retrieved advantage could Edenic-in-a-Moment Tender to the Plucked Eye? Goosey-gander's Not so Hierogamic — 'cause the Sauce's sated Ankle-deep. Widows abound. And their Virgin-Mystic-Marriage roles, of mother Lode bereft-And Bridely Status, flutter, hanging-out beyond Belief. But pull the Brim; hold down your Hat! Fires skimming to the World, in Never and the Less, at Length Arrive! And the unquotable is Ripe for Hatching. Safe-guards to this — there are None! The Point of Lady Poverty's being Poor Is, surely, that She doth Inherit. Nor can I Wring the Meaning more than Wine in Verity Has wrung from this. The Camera Obscura is an Open-ended Chamber Pot. How can I dedicate the Dark Phase of my Genesis till all the chips dubbed 'Philosophic' fall from Doubt? Till in the Tent the Total End of Photo-synthesis is Hailed? And Leprosies come chastened from the Furnace? Yet, it is Done! I am no Stranger to the Strange Configuration: ALBION, the yearning, and the Making of Jerusalem are One. The Appling, Marriage-Mating Likeness of my Eye is Clothed in



Nakedness, displaying Intellect. And She is Alexandra, maddening Soul—also, Wife. And All the Queens of England are a Madding Solace.

AE


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ABOUT AEthelGRAMS 14-9-78

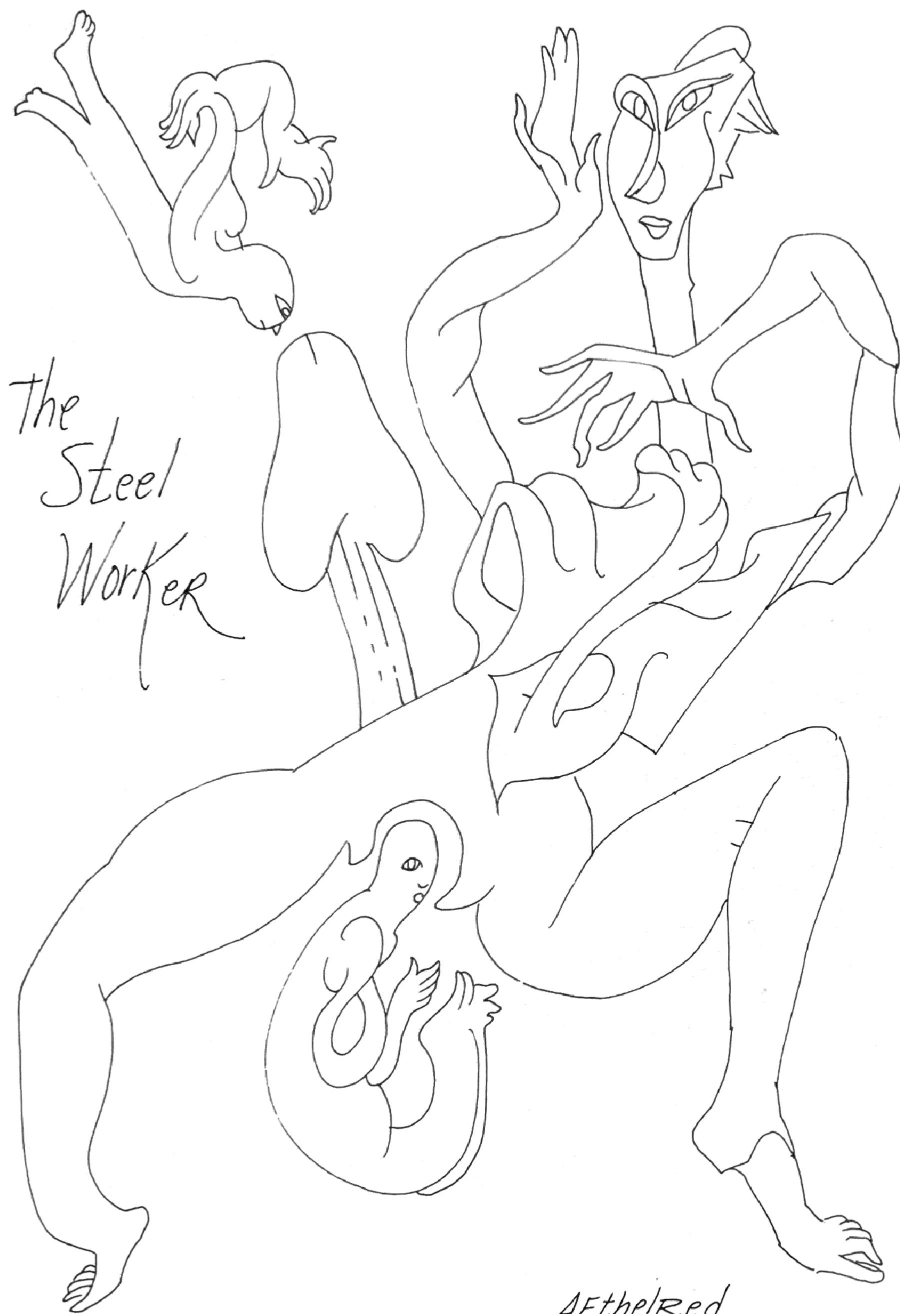
For Those who would question the Lotus
Sloth of how I chew the Red, guffawing;
How I manage to evade the cunning Rag-tag
Rage of going deeper into Poor Assimilation
Than the System doth allow — to Those
Who are Haunting me, to that Eyeless Reader-
Ship of Being Written-out, and Anything
But Self-effacing, flying like a Holy Scroll
And Spitting in the Wind — to Those who
Make this PLACE a Haunted PLanet Hovering
on groundless, thrice-Substantiated Air —
And going One deeper, especially to Those,
The Remnant tatters sown upon the In-
Being of The Only FRIEND; He, who dreamier
And deeper in The Excremental Dream devizes
ITS Awaking — in brief, to Those at Their
Wits Ends, I am totally Sub-Lunar. And
AEthelgrams — meaning whatever I put my hand
To — is in the Way of Annihilation, a Self-Con-
structed Hatchet-Job. Spooks of Individually
White-sheeted Leprosies moan. Their gist,
Interpreted, is The obvious: White Power shall
Not prevail. But Breasting Rubies and the Rubrics
Cresting on the Dumbness of the Scroll insist that
Failure shall not Fail. ALBION AWAKES! AE

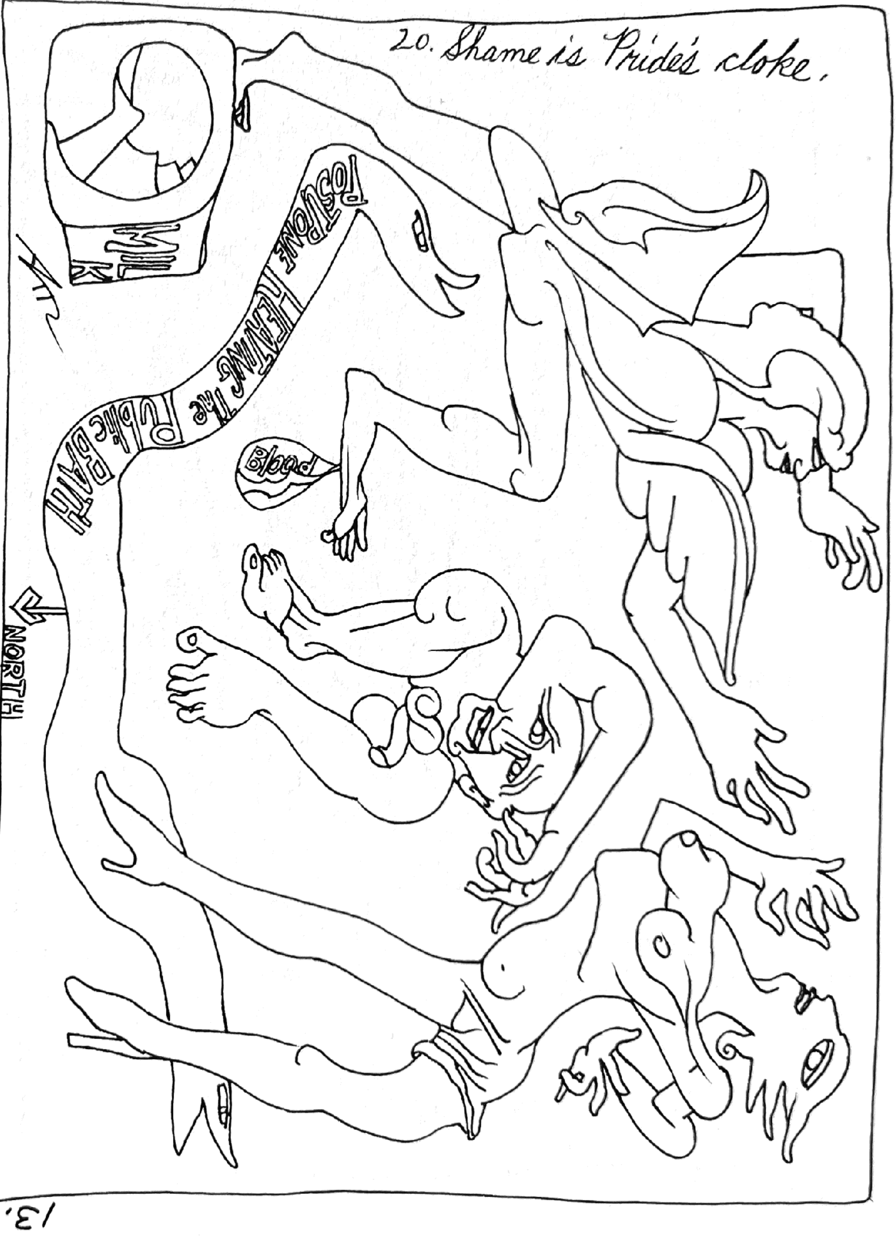

AE

Helping Themselves help You (patty-cake) 11.



AEthelRed


The Steel Worker
AEthelRed



20. Shame is Pride's cloke.

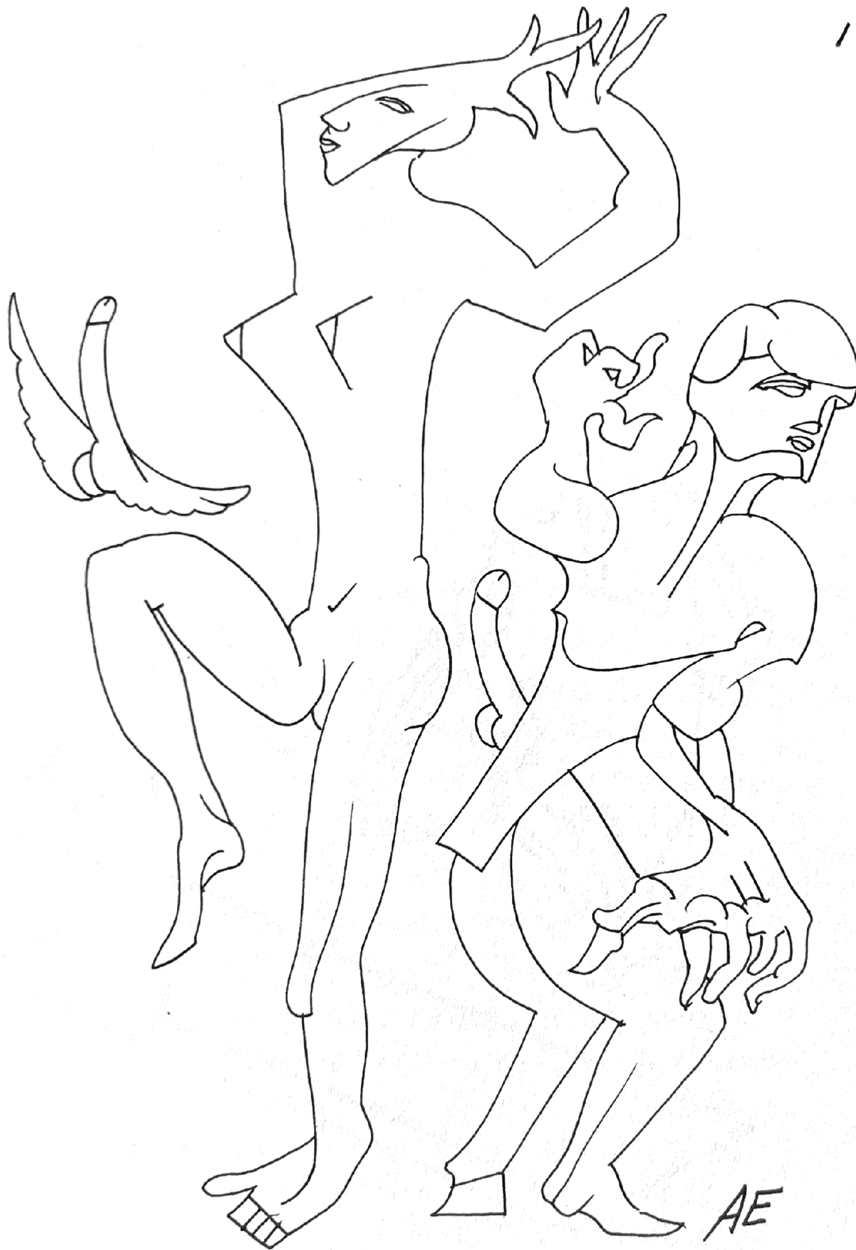

In seed time harvest.

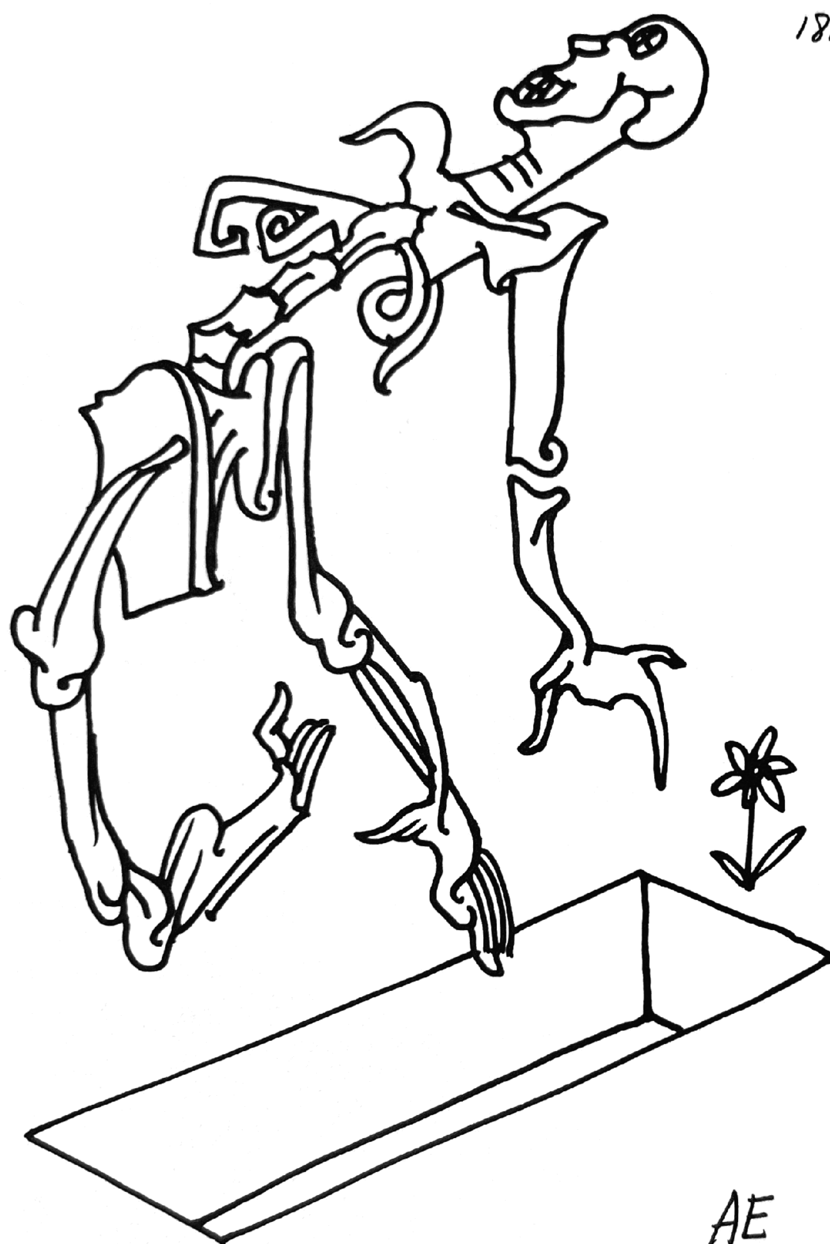
My Lords and Ladies! The Strange course that Follows Humility in me is too much, now, an Objective State generating Ego in the Air I move Through to ever abandon me. Say it as you Lust, but Two Worlds waging ever, only, in the Meanwhile intermittancy of Pilgrims bulking In The Dragon's Time are daringly & wearily At a near Loss in the Struggle to exchange the Null of Emptiness that's come between Them For the Sudden Incommensurate of What is in The Void. I cannot Keep The Underlings Down Any Longer. Nor even in a Pinch can I be Loyal To The Father While He is mingled with them. Take Pollution. How can it be if what we Know of The Material Body is True: That it is Boundless; and Self-sufficiently Devouring, Therefore? And Purity - take it. "If I were Pure I should Never have Known Thee!" And take Doubters who are Dead until They are Revealed - for to play at Death with This increasing Vengeance is What Generates The Winds of Desolation. "Would To God that all The Lord's People were Prophets!" And They are; insofar as I am an Indifferent Prophet - insofar as no sooner than Immediately I Am Out-Spoken and Without The Loss of Ears That Bode in what they Heard - and insofar as The Grandiose Determinant Bent on Self-Annihilation includes Me FIRST!

AE

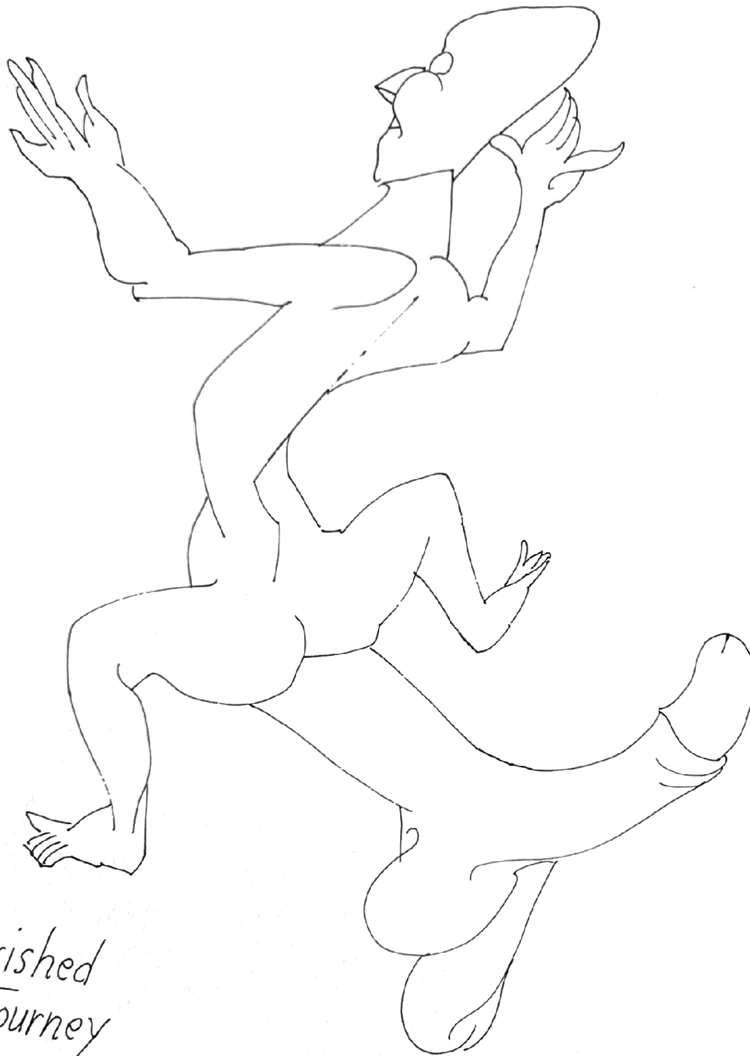

16.

17.




18.
AE

Where you find it, take your Bliss, O MAN,
for as it's said, your Fate is but a prolongation
Stemming on thé tide of Individual Inconsequence.
In Length the terrible ogle, the piercing Eyes
of the Howl. In Breadth the Rumour spent
of Loving-Kindness, less everlasting than its
Disavowal. In Height the wireless of Soft
Skulls powerless to pick-up signals on the pin-
Head pricks of Dissipated Thought un-loading
Twilight in Volcanic Angels. And teeming in
Abeyance, all the agitations of my Body crawled
Upon the footless swarm of one-another. The
Dial Needle STIRRED: Click, click. An audacious
Whisper cranked, pandemic as the Brain,
around the Roving pivot in the Sand. And I
Was Afraid. The Silence of England had come
Upon me. I was Ripe for the Grave. I walked
A Measure, fearing both the Mundane and the
Royal Cubit of the Lord - for a Man is to be
Known by his fruits. I Knew the Smell: that
Awe is its own answering Intelligence. I Know
It well; the vagueness goes. Thundering and
Thundering the Anchor fell; the Chain came through
The Starboard hawsehole. We are Here. And
Here We are. for Mercy's Sake. Man is over-Ripe;
And de-composing in the Grave. We sink in the
Sought-for End of Human CORRUPTION. AE



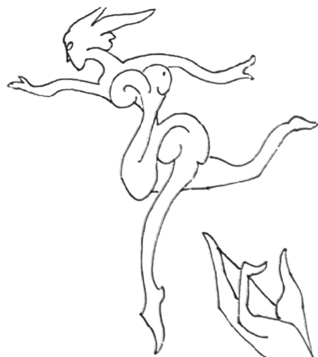
Cherished Journey

AEthelRed

'Lusty Life, as frail as Flower.'
"the Moon like a Flower". "To Create a Little Flower is the Labour of Ages". W.B.



Bring me my Spear 22.

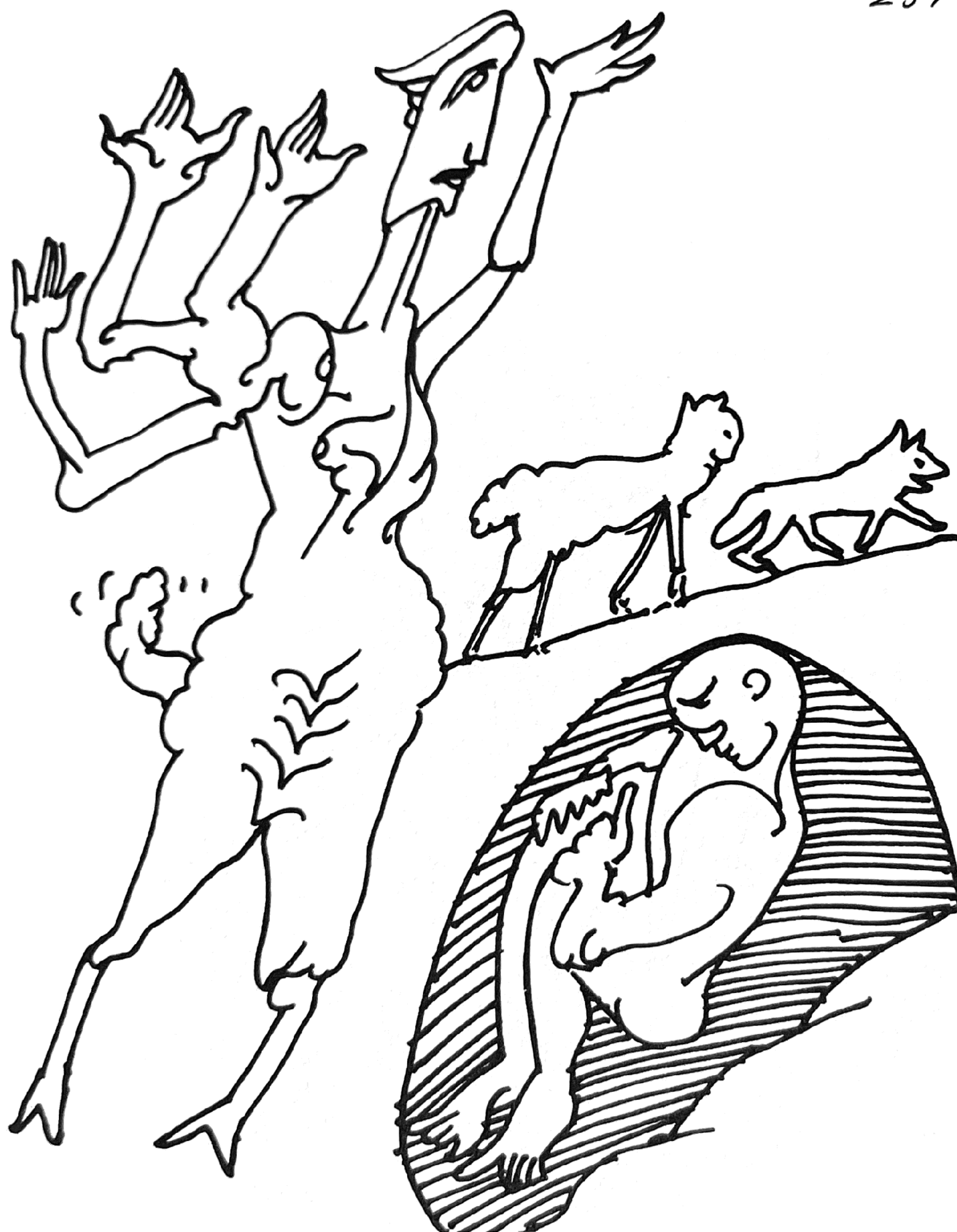


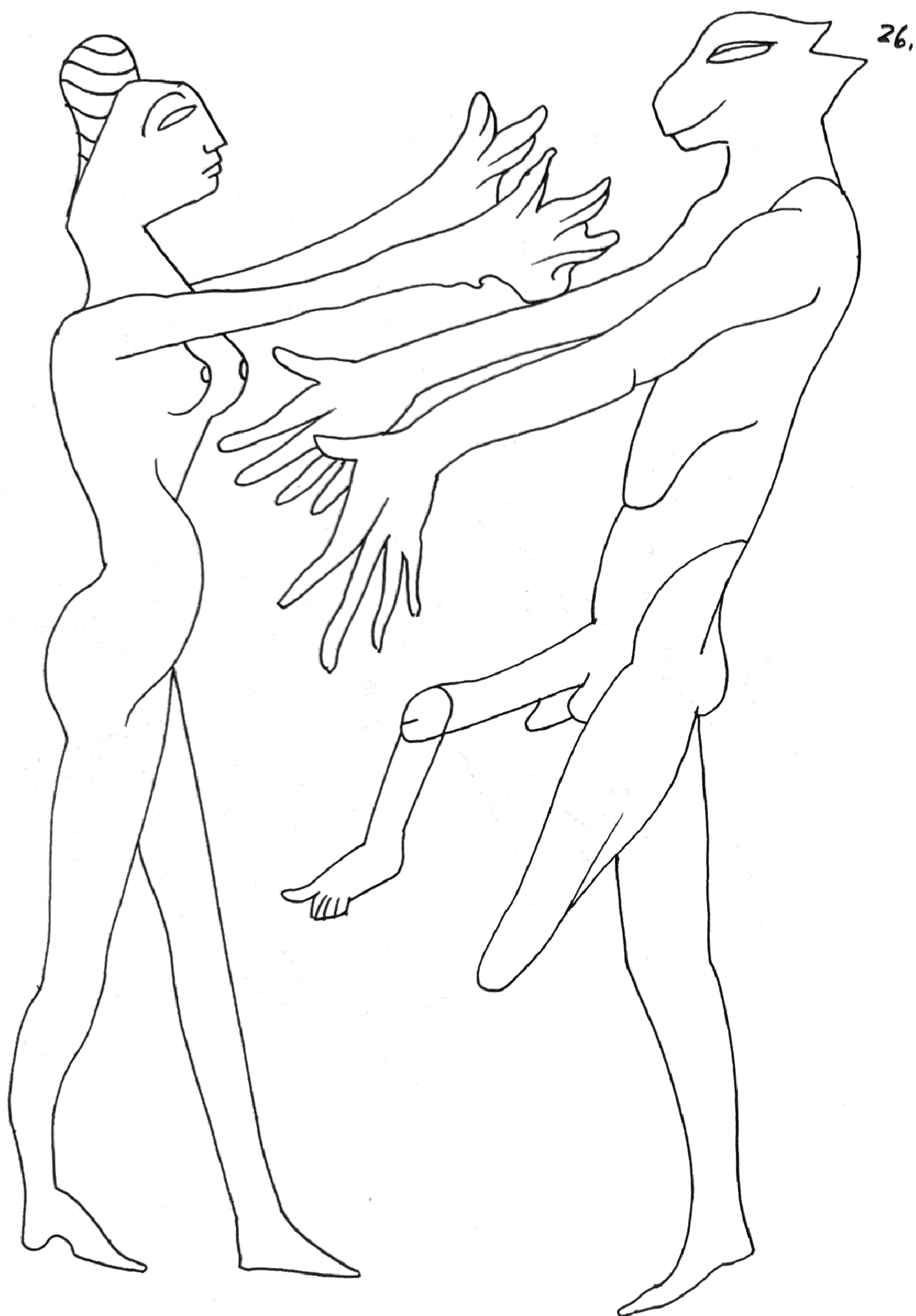


AEthelRed

A Tale of Dedication. The Camel through the Needle's Eye is not a Trick if at the Point of Vanishment the Photo-genes, the grains gone Sandy, Rise in waste and magnify the Bursting Bladder of the Fishing-for- Ellipsis. And From the Moon, the Water-Burden gone the Way of all Hypotheses, one and more of Us will Take the trouble to look Back: and from A Shouldered Angle will Behold a fiercely Spun-out Globe of Earth heading for Remoteness in the Heart of Our Desire— And Unapproachable Forever. And the Tyger In the Forest Night of Stars who threw Their Spears through Frenzy finalized with Dread Refusals to Up-hold the Symmetry of Fear— What Shall the Tyger's prowling Dedication Bring Him to? To Green and Purple past the Bars that Maze his Forehead— this I've said—but why Does Science call it atmospherically a "Sewer In the Sky" when their job is not to See the Ancient Shores of Albion so clearly, but to Be Sardonic? They, too, are dedicated to Spear-fishing in the Night and slipping 'twixt the the Bars where Carbon & Dioxide doth Effect a Vegetal And Sexual Release. AE


It must be borne in mind that there are other methods.




26.

"I Touch the Heavens (27) as an Instrument to Glorify The LORD!" WB 27.

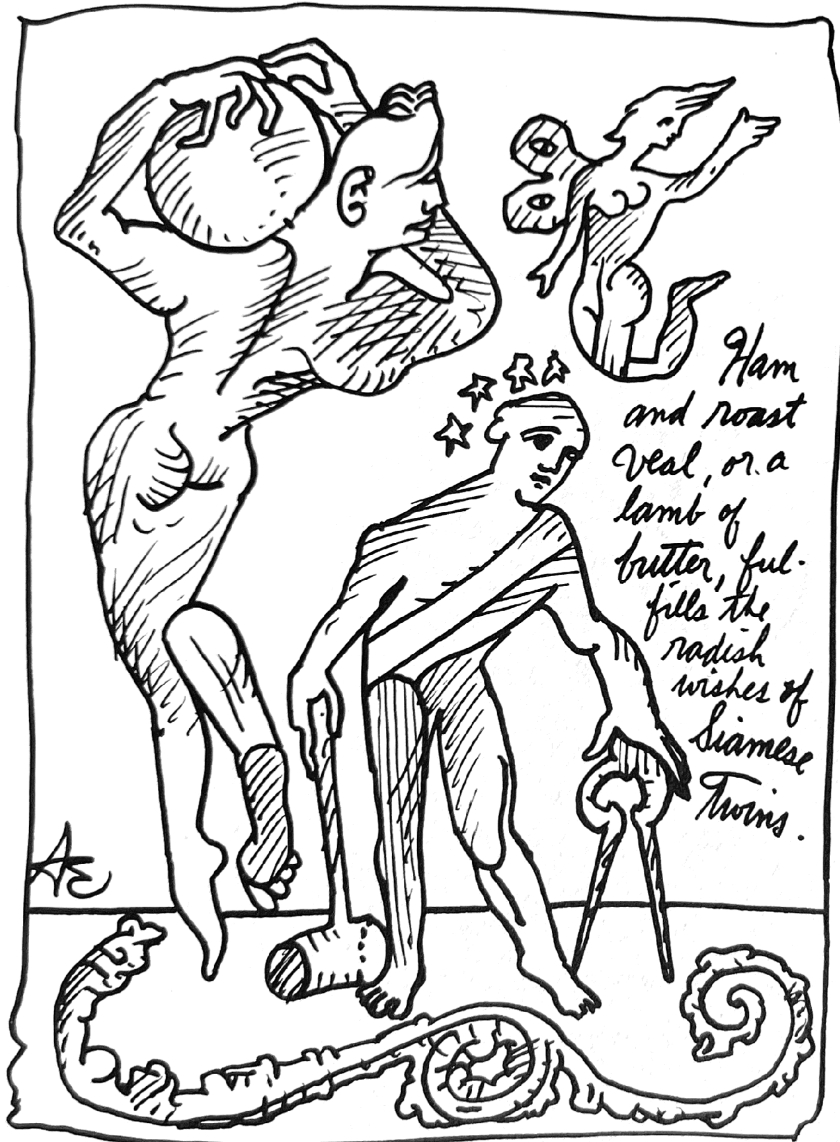




Green Smoke : and the Works, complete,
Of cooler muslin sheets. The Door
Was ajar; slightly courageous was my
Present scheme. I am glad to say, though
Thwarted in the End, that never a better Witness,
While it lasted, did my Feeling for Her little hand move
Privy to. And Thinking on His back-biting Laughter,
Never was a mere blood-familiar Witness scraped
More to the Bone. They made no effort to rise, but
Stopped short in mid-mouth, nearly full with Cake.
With my suspicions awakened, I was mistaken for
A fearless Phantom; and joined the Army.


AE


30.
The Most Unique Talent
AEthelRed

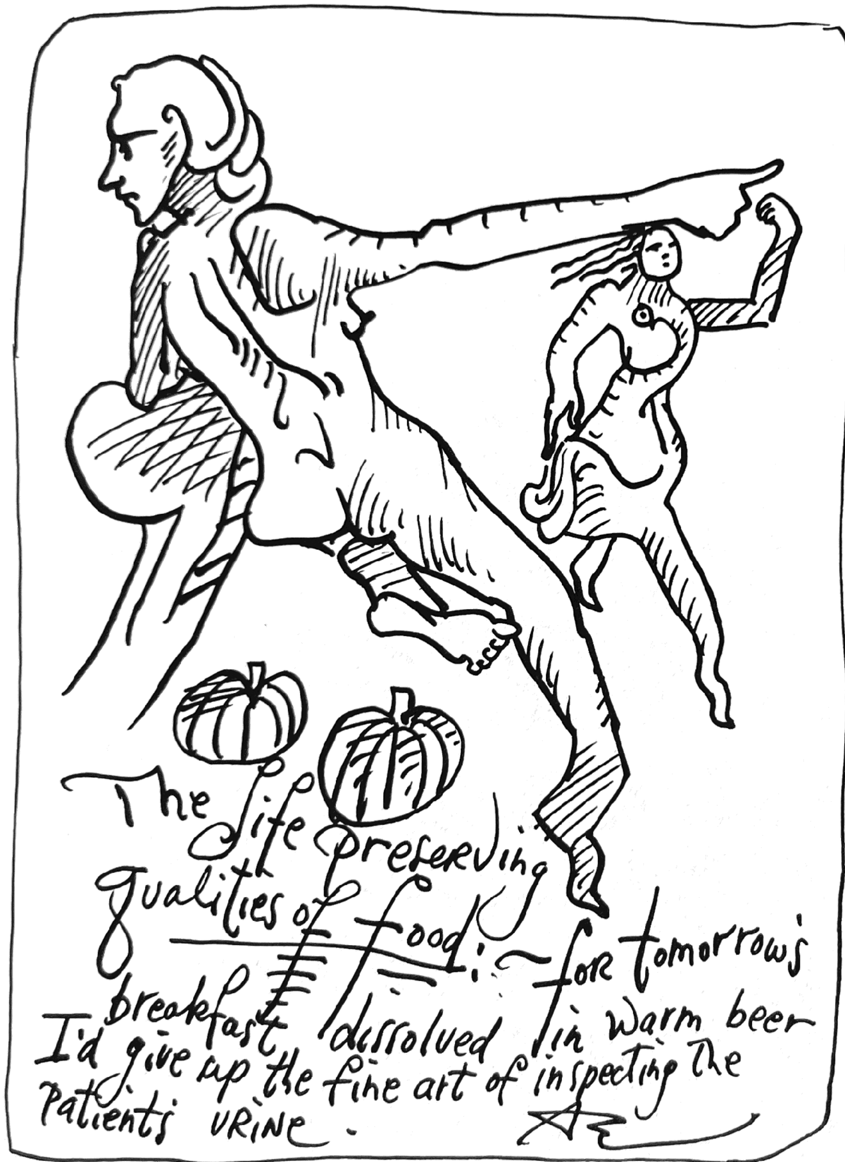

Ham
and roast
veal, or a
lamb of
butter, ful-
fills the
radish
wishes of
Siamese
Twins.
AE

In a Low room where I sit
I had eaten seven Loaves in Manuscript.
And I Thought on the shining Hawk
Which risest to heaven. That small
Portion of my Body
I rendered fit
For passage
through my
Nostrils.



And
As though
The promise
Come-to-pass of raging ArtichoKes
Had, indeed, arrived, I darted up upon
A Dill Seed. At precisely that height
I spied the BaKers of YorK worKing
Cakes for my BreaKfast.

AEthelred


The life preserving
qualities of food! ~ for tomorrow's
breakfast dissolved in warm beer
I'd give up the fine art of inspecting the
patients urine.

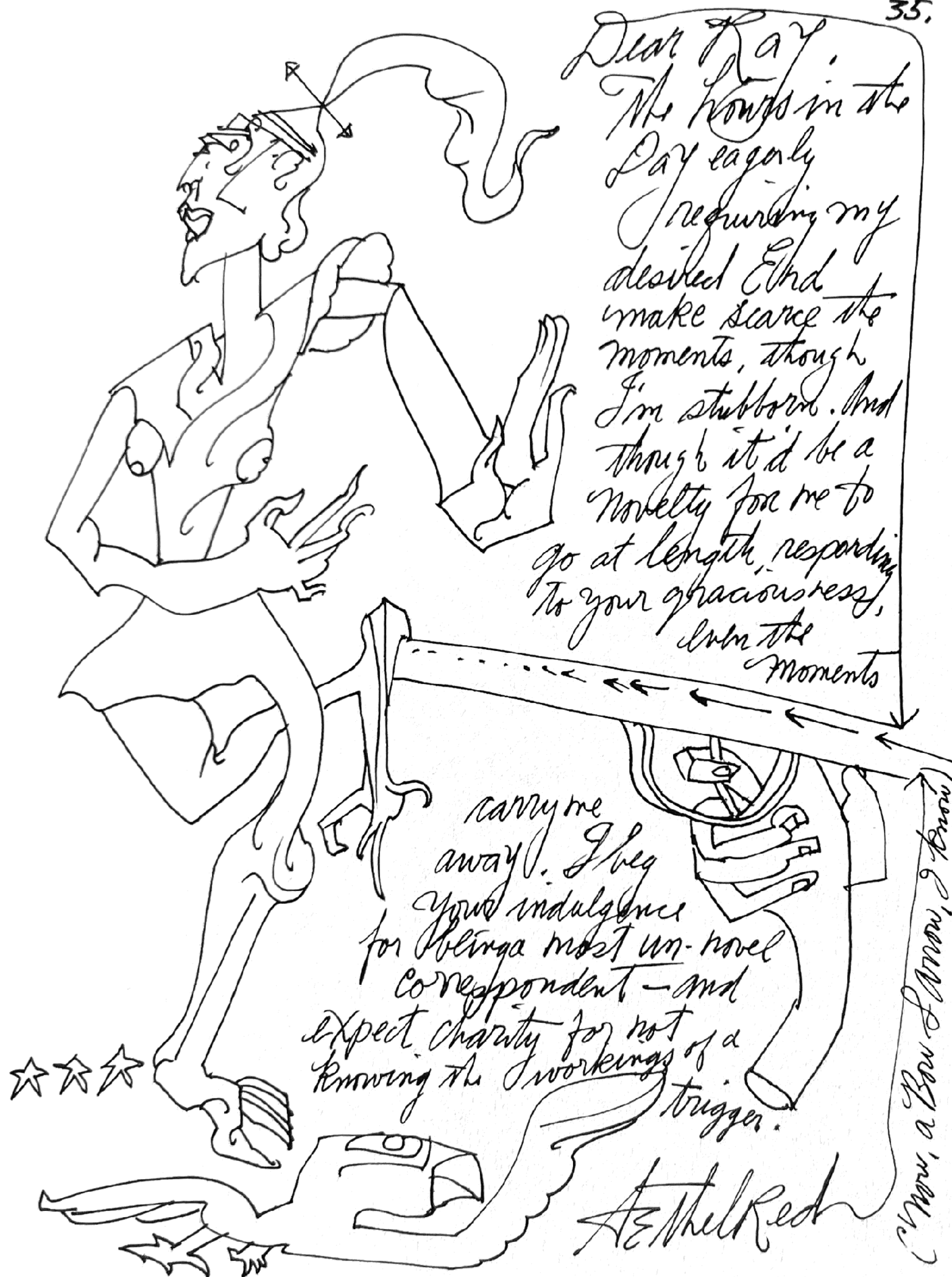


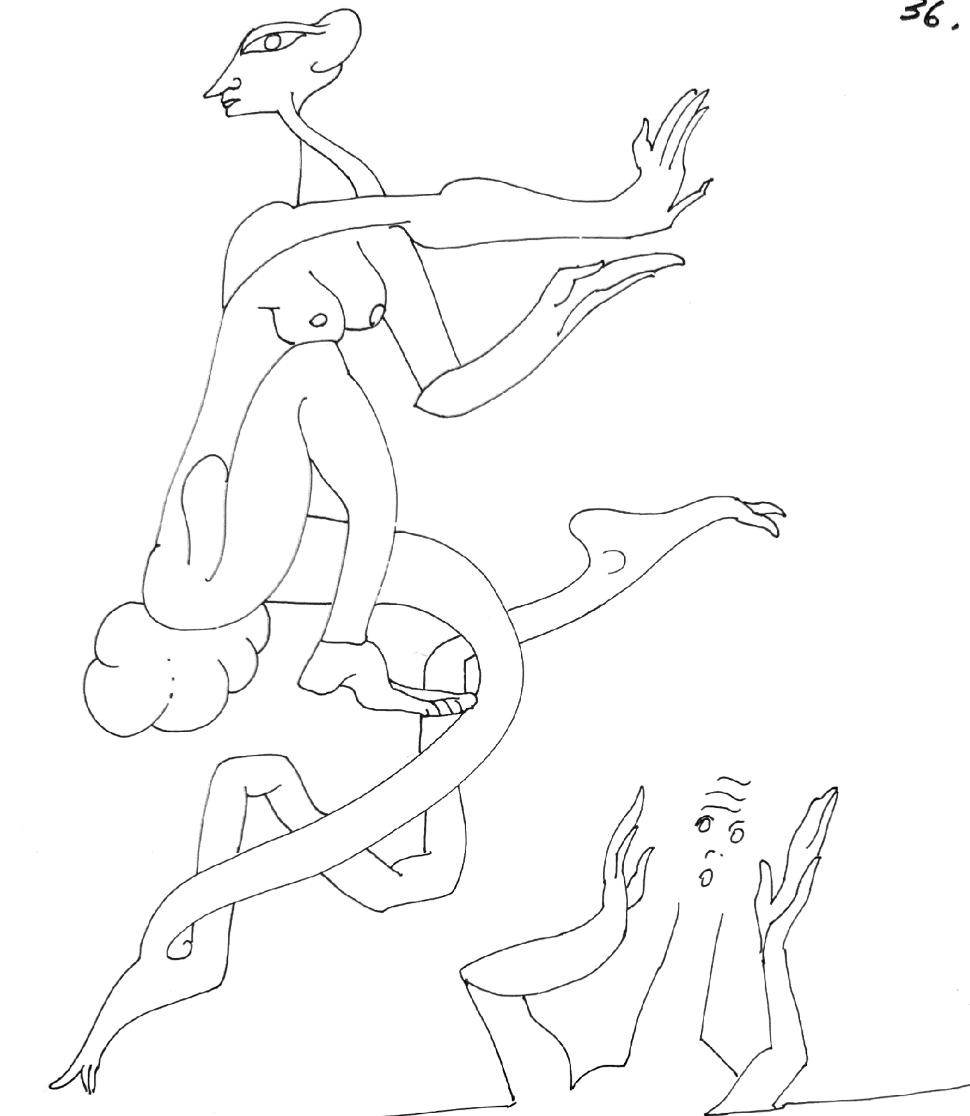
As when the Thunder Bolt Down falleth
on the Appointed Place

Asthel Reed

Golgonooza at the Foot of Mount Nebo
in Ohio

11-72

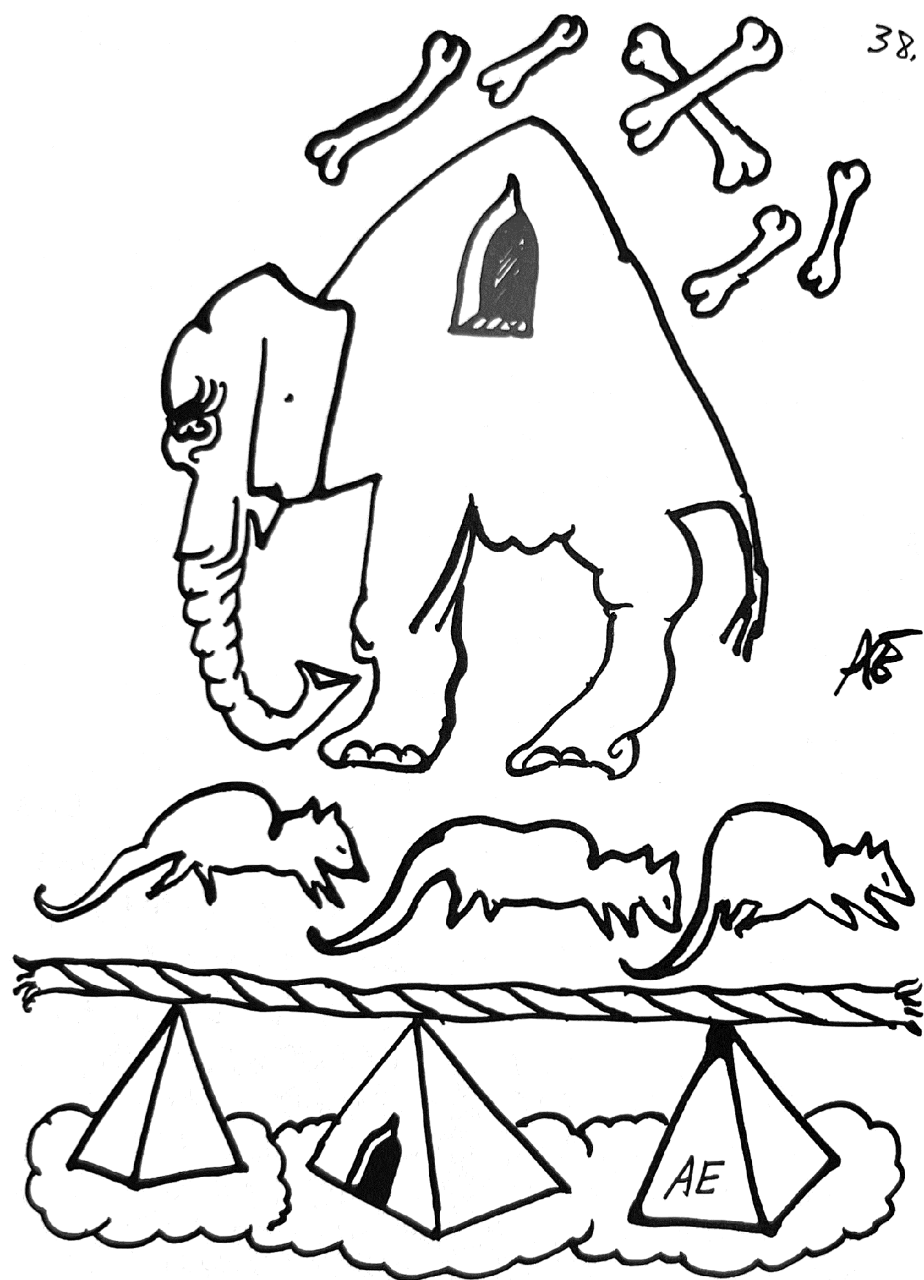

Dear Ray,
The Hours in the
Day eagerly
requiring my
desired End
make scarce the
moments, though
I'm stubborn. And
though it'd be a
novelty for me to
go at length, responding
to your graciousness,
even the
moments
carry me
away. I beg
your indulgence
for being a most un-novel
correspondent — and
expect charity for not
knowing the workings of a
trigger.
AEthelRed
(Now, a Bow & Arrow, I know)



Thunder CLAP

AEthelRed

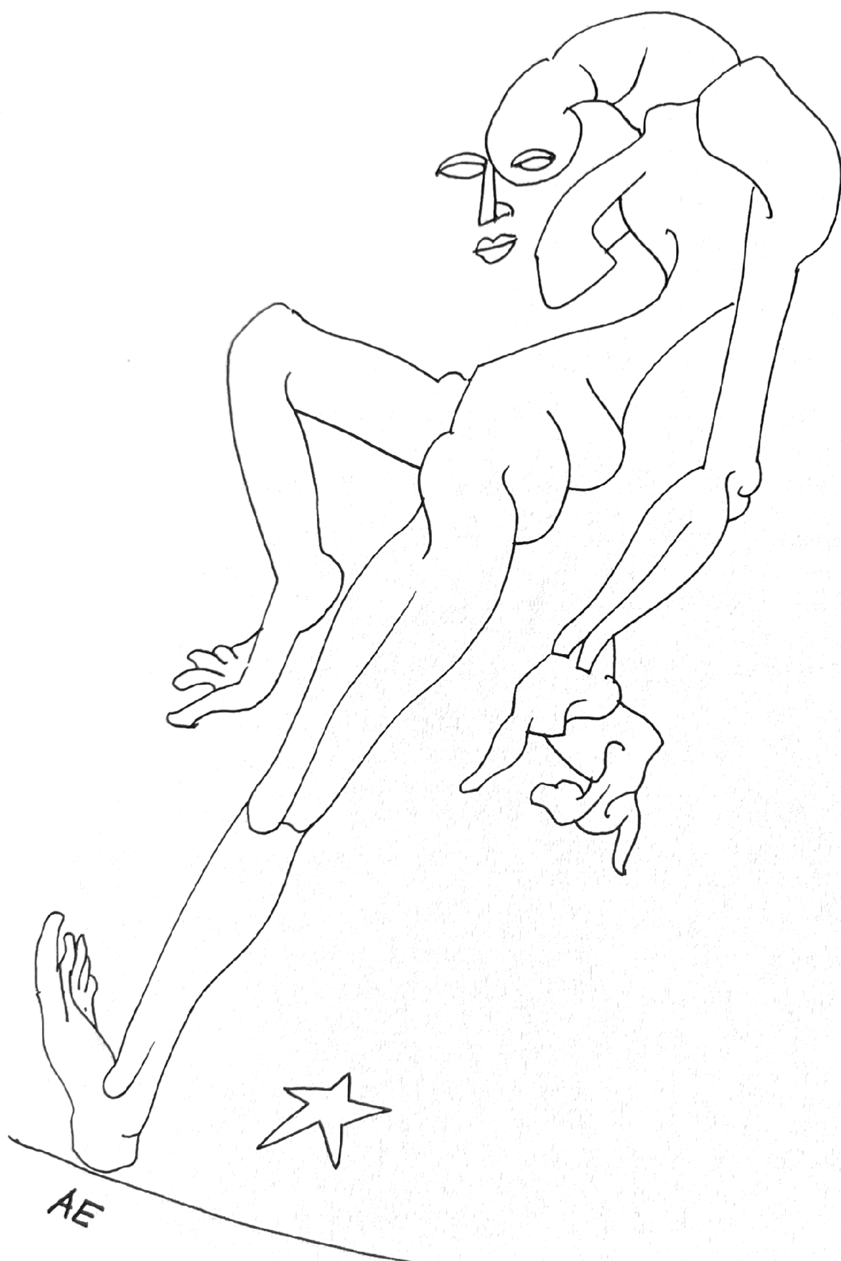
I Teach - and never will I Learn. I Teach the People. I Teach the People What? I Teach the People in The Temple! And if I sometimes SAY - To NO ONE in Particular That 'I have Ignorance To Teach' - well, it lies within the Hearing Fault that People, 'mongst Themselves, will never Single-Out, as worthy, blameless Ignorance. And I Preach, preaching wherever I go - for this Doesn't require The precinct of The Immediate Temple. The Everlasting Gospel, which is The Kingdom of my Preachment, is a King and Land returning to Subjection where, in Never Knowing where One's going, The World is an Alien Place. I can fitfully say That I Am never out of context - and increasingly so, As The Dis-continuous Alarm System fails with A Frequency beyond Belief to go-off! "Take It on Home!" - he says in the Song. Speed alone Won't do it. My Friend, Speed is The Learning Process. I Teach - and so should You! - That The Kingdom Come is as old hat as a Soft Shoe. Never will I say that 'Something's in The Air'. It's a lie not to POINT IT OUT! And if the Punishment's meant to fit The Crime as I Espouse It, then, Surely, not ONE STONE left upon Another will come upon The PEOPLE Gathered in The TEMPLE! AE


AE



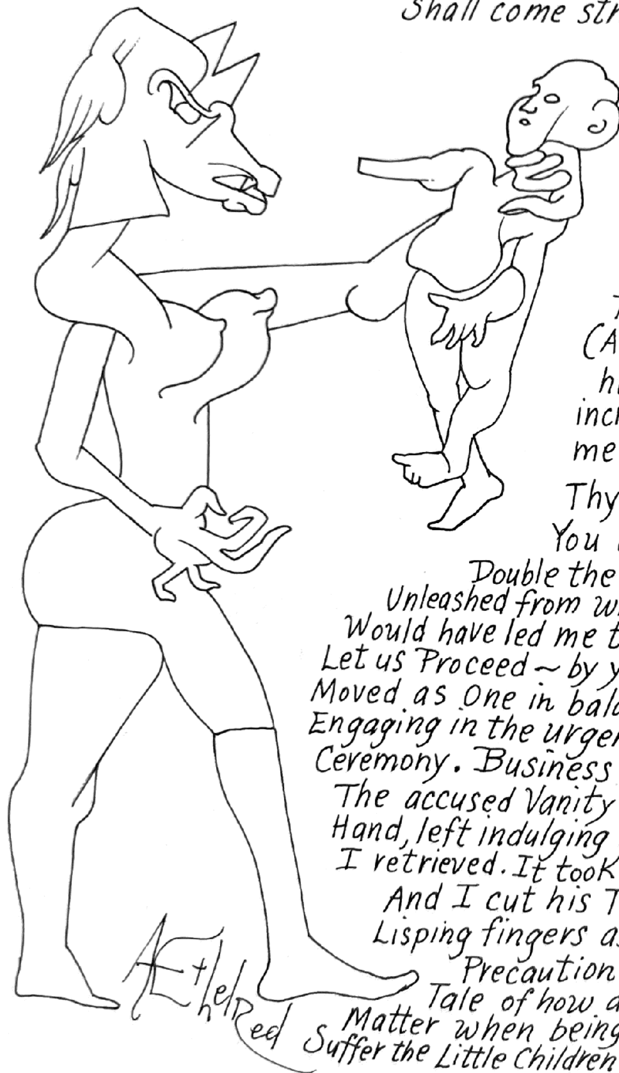
AEthelRed


40.
AE


AE

I was Made to give evidence. I was made for looting
And for thirsting. I was made to Live upon a Face emerging
From a quick meal at the Beggar's Gate. I was suspended
In a Mouth made clean and tidied-up behind the Daughter
Of a Swallow. I was Made Alive.

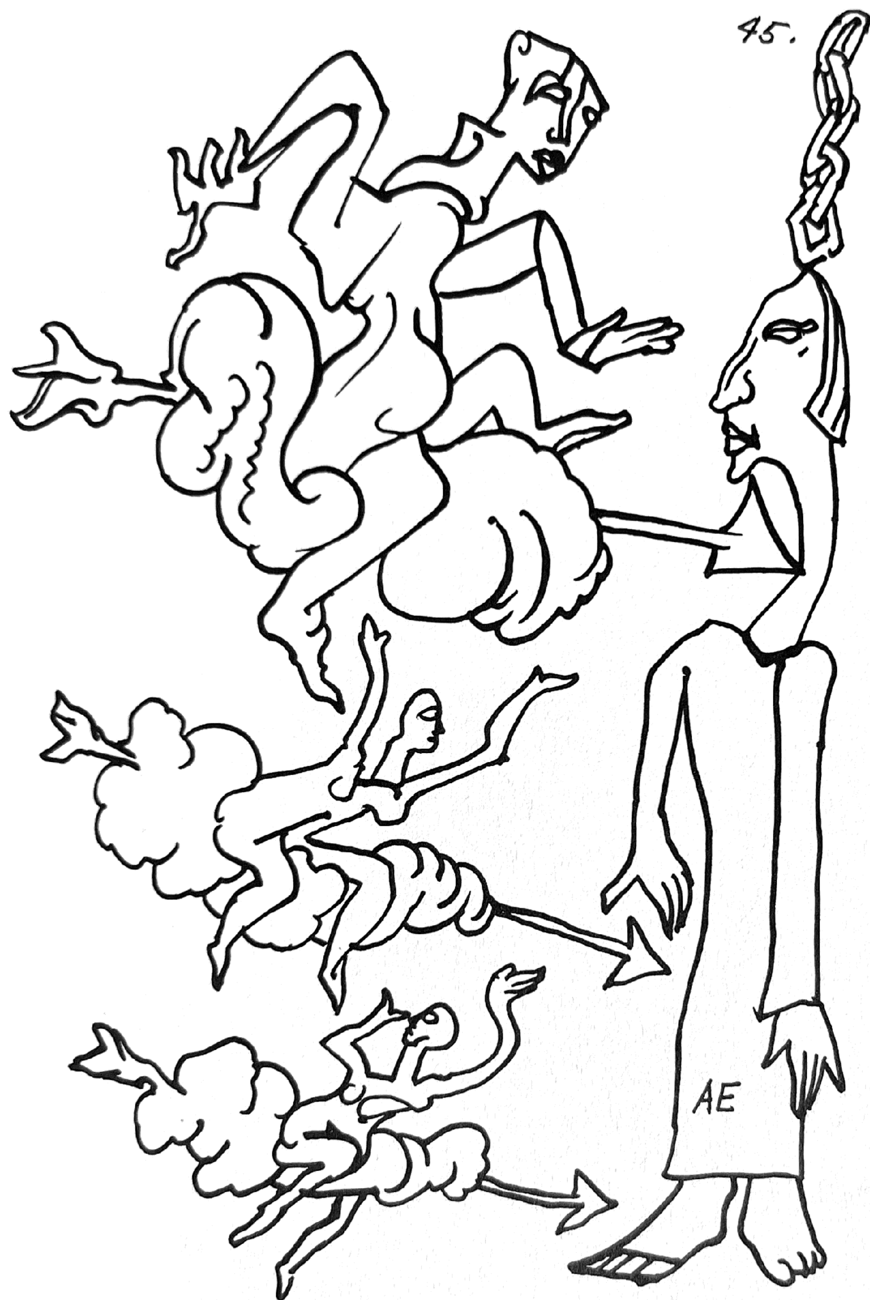
Flesh and Bone calamity
Shall come stretching its Hands
in Adoration.
Hail Thou!
Great Companion
of the Gods!,
shouted I
making amends
for my Hostility.
(A Beggar's Life
holds Judgment back
increasingly as older
men slip in Abeyance.)
Thy Form is Majestic!
You are Rich! You are
Double the Beauty my Doubts,
Unleashed from what I've heard,
Would have led me to Believe you were!
Let us Proceed ~ by your Leave. We
Moved as One in balanced, bold accord
Engaging in the urgent Whispers of the
Ceremony. Business was never so Good.
The accused Vanity of my last grasping
Hand, left indulging in the Lurch,
I retrieved. It took a Moment's Panic:
And I cut his Throat. And took his
Lisping fingers as an unaccountable
Precaution. I Live to tell the
Tale of how a Knife is a serious
Matter when being led by the Hand.
Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me.



If he did succeed – BLAKE – in making a
System fugitive beyond the Other Man's
Belief – if another Thames and Other
Hills and yet another England in a pea-green
Open boat far-fetching others lands upon
Jerusalem's new threshing floor – if I
For One, take up the flail and foolishly
Deliver power from the haunch of Sweetness
Where the hip is socketed – then where
Is the Hypothesis? One Man has always
Done it! Within the Burning Tent the
Whole Cloth Remnant cant Remain when
Foolishly, at last, the least-wise scrap of
Yielding to the Vision takes and makes
Of principalities a One Man game.
Sufficiency in Re-assembling out of Self-
Annihilation is the Final Cheat. The
Prince of ALBION Burns nightly. It's
more than Mind-blown where's its
Coming from – this ghosted pasture
Greening-up in Self-Annihilation. AE

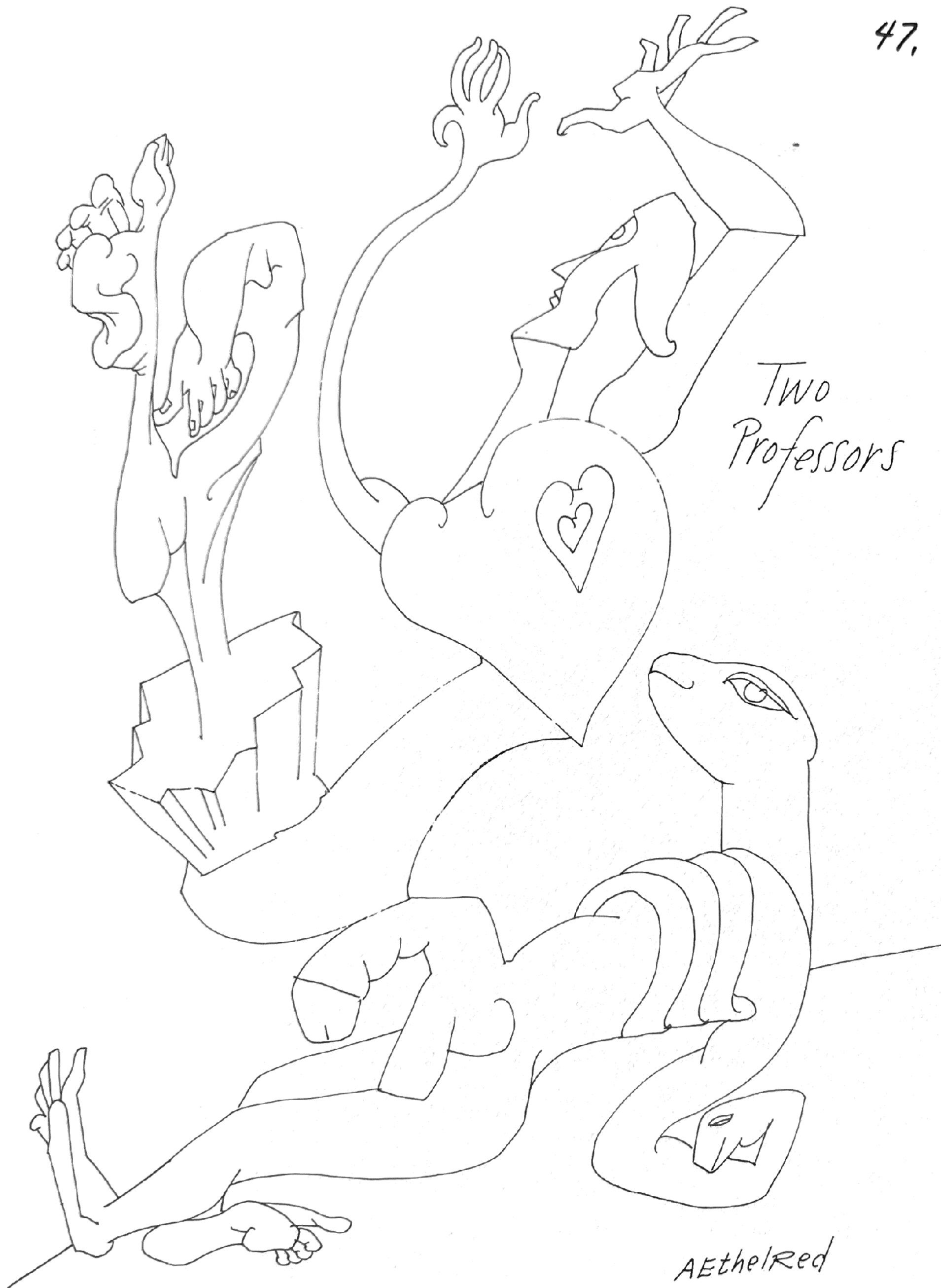
Mock Turtle




45.
AE



AEthelRed


Two Professors
AEthelRed


Dutch TREAT
AEthelRed

9-4-78

The Very Magnification — though it magnifies
Flaws — appeals to the myriad pores
Sucking out the Mirror of Super Nova
Legions become as high-strung as the
Tight-flesh, flimsy, fixed performance
Deviling-out in inter-stellar length,
Out-crying on the Highways. And it is true
That: "Everything That Lives is Holy"
And equally pontifical is Hell on Earth
~ That wouldn't be caught Dead with Holi-
Ness in its Maw. They've introduced
The Worm into The Black Hole and have
Gotten Worm Holes. The Fitful Return.
The Fissile, meaning to the Rock Eternal
What is Cleavable, sends Ship-loads out of
Roots beside themselves in saxifrageous
Tendencies implanted where the grown Sassafras
Is hewn. And Sly-boots in the broken fecal
Wind are quietly afoot a-cutting mustard.
The Seed of but a Single Eye is sputtering. —
The Word, the Gnosis and the Logos is as simple
As the sound omnisciently as FIZZLE. AE





The War in the
SKY
Dropping

AEthelRed

Hallelujah Chorus



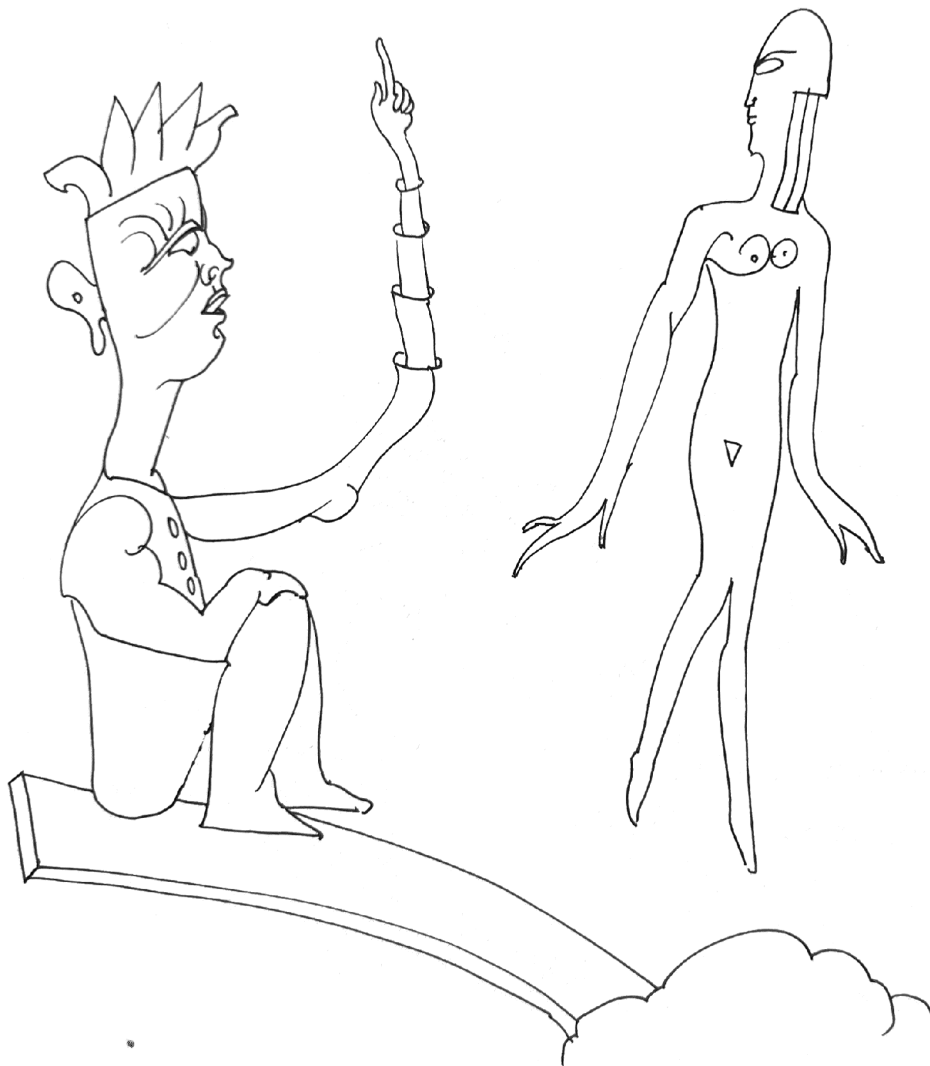
Greensward Peeps
In the fitting season had arrived.
My post-coital inquiries
Had it placed at 4 o'clock
When the first Reporter
In the Village sounded
The Alarm. We were
Rathered satisfied
That nothing much had
Changed. That Time's sweet
Blessing, here Today, agreed
To fresh straw on our Terms.
And we gathered for
Discussion. The Second
Reporter arrived bellowing:
Love Me! Love Me!
And we speedily perceived
That He, lost soul, had
Searching gone in the
Wrong direction. Rarely
Before, in our midst, had he
Opened his mouth. And now
At daybreak, with a lantern yet
In his hand; and he insisting
The Greensward hadn't Peeped!—
Can we be blamed, entrusting our
Ear to Silence? He leapt a
Hedgerow; and disappeared.

(There is a proper ending to this Tale.
Once, on a pre-coital Fling, I happened
To catch-up to him. There's no telling
where it mightn't have ended hadn't
we stopped for a game of Marbles
In the Ring.)

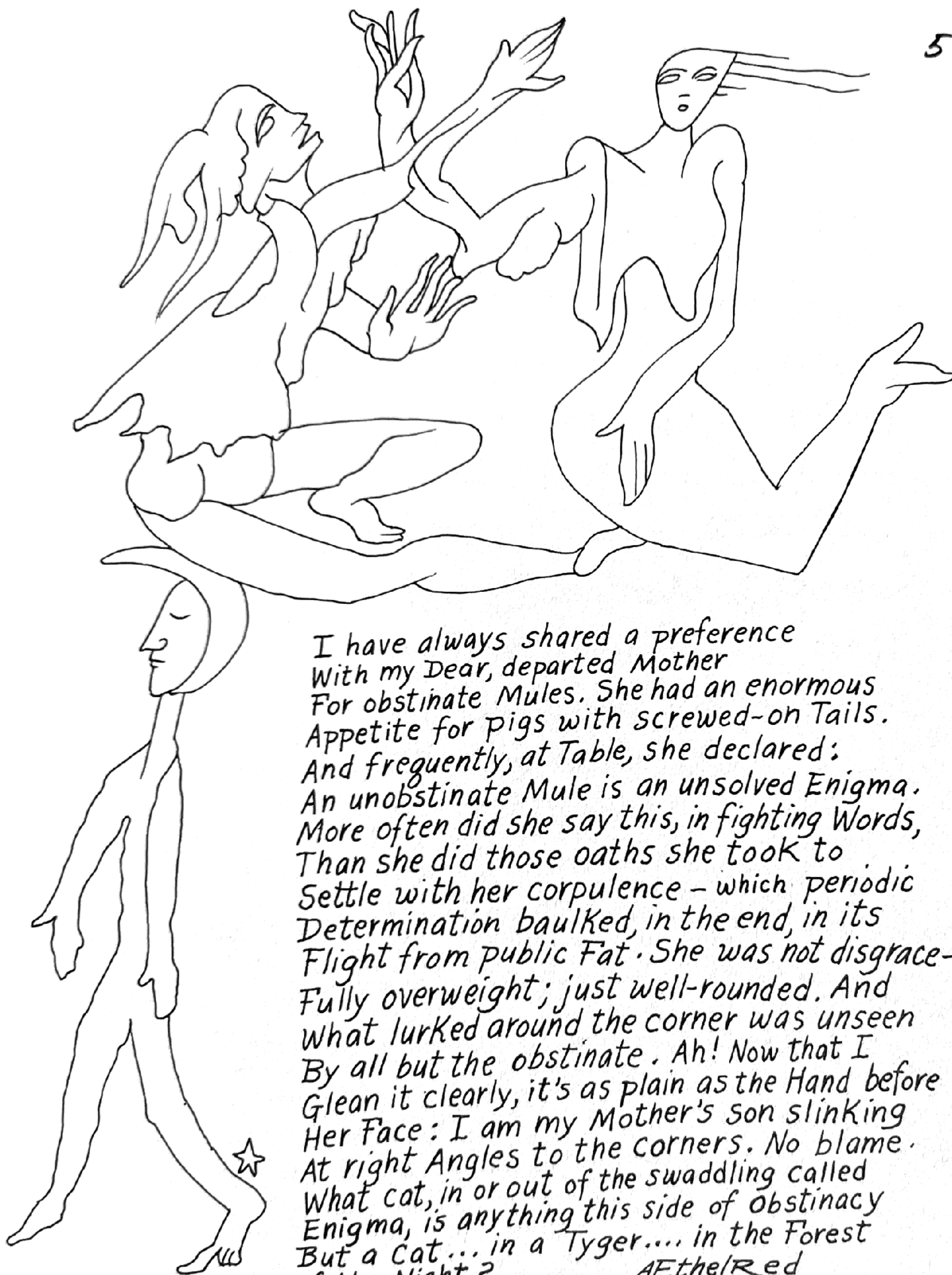


PRAYER: The Sudden. The Out-CRY. O Hell's Damnation! Take it All! The manufactured Head uttering Words in a completely Known Tongue. Spirits come Not in Size and Shape. They come in Natures. And the Blue beneath And Turning Flame of Beulah turns the Institution of The Bridegroom left out in the cold into the tempting merger of the marriage. And the Shadow chastened by Its Substance trembles, being both provocative and Empty-handed in its lure. Gaud the gaudy. Gaud me a bait. Send me to the fair of Tawdries. A bit of Flim, Some Filmy Stuff. And Stuff me up with Cotton for a blessed buoyancy and Sickly, Candied Saturation come the curse. In America, She is Hidden-Jerusalem! The soft Skull is powerless in The Length And breadth of The Howl buried in this Land! The Flinty Soul, The coruscated Skull And cross-bones marking The Device of 'Where It's At' indites Ohio, South by East, Sub-sexual in Golgonooza. Thunder doth Divulge.

AE




AE



I have always shared a preference
With my Dear, departed Mother
For obstinate Mules. She had an enormous
Appetite for pigs with screwed-on Tails.
And frequently, at Table, she declared:
An unobstinate Mule is an unsolved Enigma.
More often did she say this, in fighting Words,
Than she did those oaths she took to
Settle with her corpulence - which periodic
Determination baulked, in the end, in its
Flight from public Fat. She was not disgrace-
Fully overweight; just well-rounded. And
What lurked around the corner was unseen
By all but the obstinate. Ah! Now that I
Glean it clearly, it's as plain as the Hand before
Her Face: I am my Mother's son slinking
At right Angles to the corners. No blame.
What cat, in or out of the swaddling called
Enigma, is anything this side of obstinacy
But a Cat... in a Tyger.... in the Forest
of the Night?

AEthelRed


TREAD
ON ME
AEthelRed

She who must by Mother's Right, be
Given Credibility, contrived a cavity in
Emulation of the Egg-Shaped World of Time
And Seized upon the Womb-Idea, And She,
Returning from the venture of Her pre-
possessing Son's Dis-placement Centered-
Down again. A Daughter issues calling-
Forth a Son. A New World is at Hand.
Material can make its own. And Time
Is minimal. And Spaciousness, capacity,
Contents itself with the contractile version
Of manufactured Seed - not altered, in the
Least, in its propensity. And the Angelic
Tendency of Seed is to explode. And The
Explosive tendency of manufactory is to
Yield a Harvest. A little flower is the Work
Of Ages. An Atom stretched is but an Out-Cry.
A Ball of Wax is Generation - fuzzier than
Hearing is. The Lamb of God is Unapproachable
Forever. For the violence One who does it
To The Womb is Unspeakable in the World
Of Invention. Like flowers, Fools grow up. AE



CHANGE,
ye pure discerners,
is an Art more of the dream
Than the art of coiling snakes
Behind emasculated Masks.
Change when it comes, as it must,
Comes with the hot breath of laughing
Resin on glassy Lakes of lasciviousness.
Ah! Do you Know the Nerves? The Nervous
FIRST and Opened Body Last? Change awakened
To the Nervous Form trembles throughout — alas,
A riddle. But filth prowls thereabout. And hear this,
Not Heard before in shells of Self-deposit: Appearances
Arrive to gaze upon the Eye. And Resistence enters through
The jungle of the Touch. And the only Record Kept is pushed
Out through the Ear in fossil fuel, my Dear. And by the Nose
The Key of rust snuffed-up is hid for our Return. Did I say
I feel it in my bones that marrow spinning Nervous phasing
For the rattling pail is 'feared of Moonlight lanes and cold
And Bearded Bathing? I give you One Last Chance! Bread,
White heads, the sunny corner in the tip of the Tongue are
Clumsy but good enough for the teeth-chattering Winter Bed.
Nor are red poppies perjuring the Lamb Spring dainty as the Kneeling
Camel.

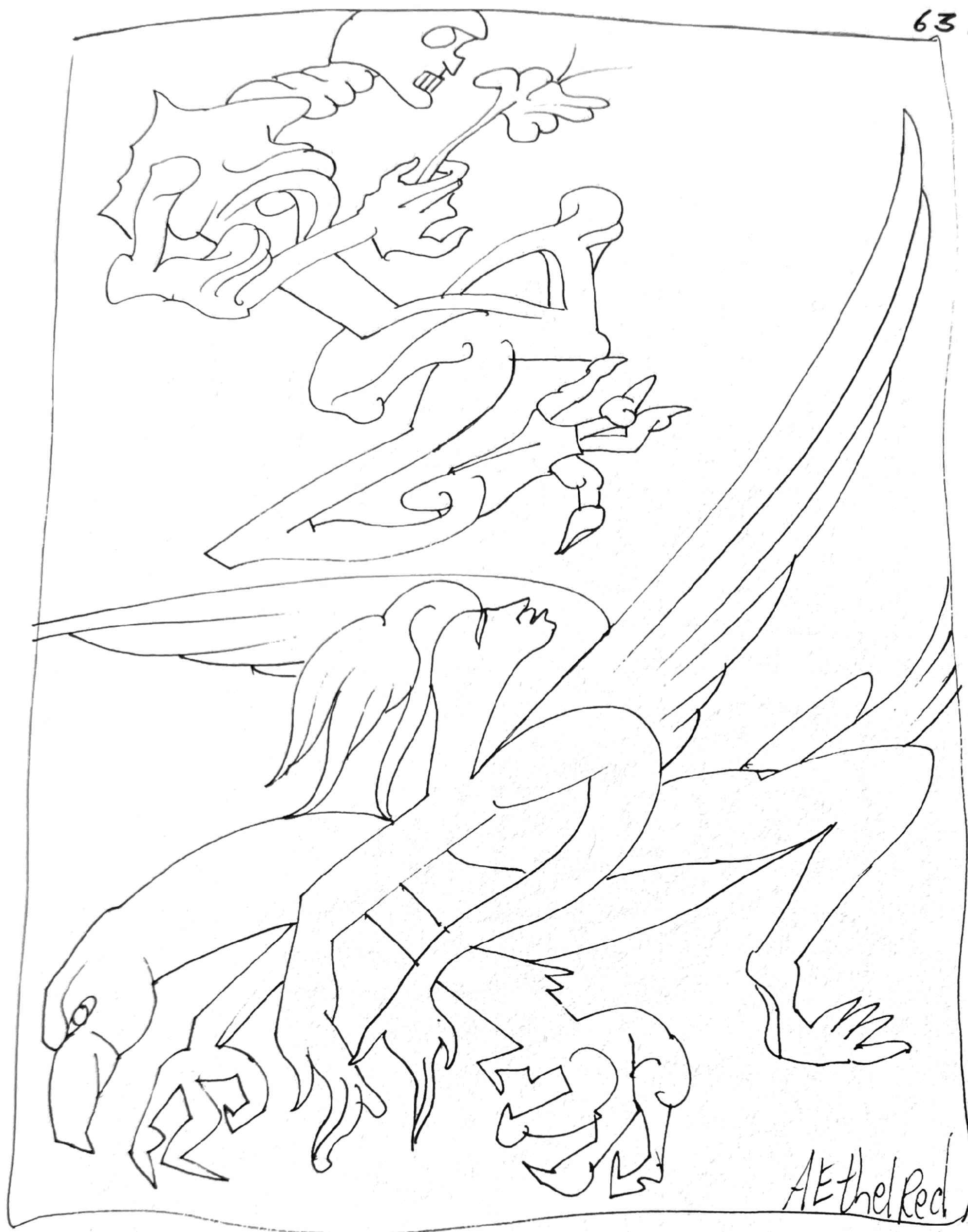


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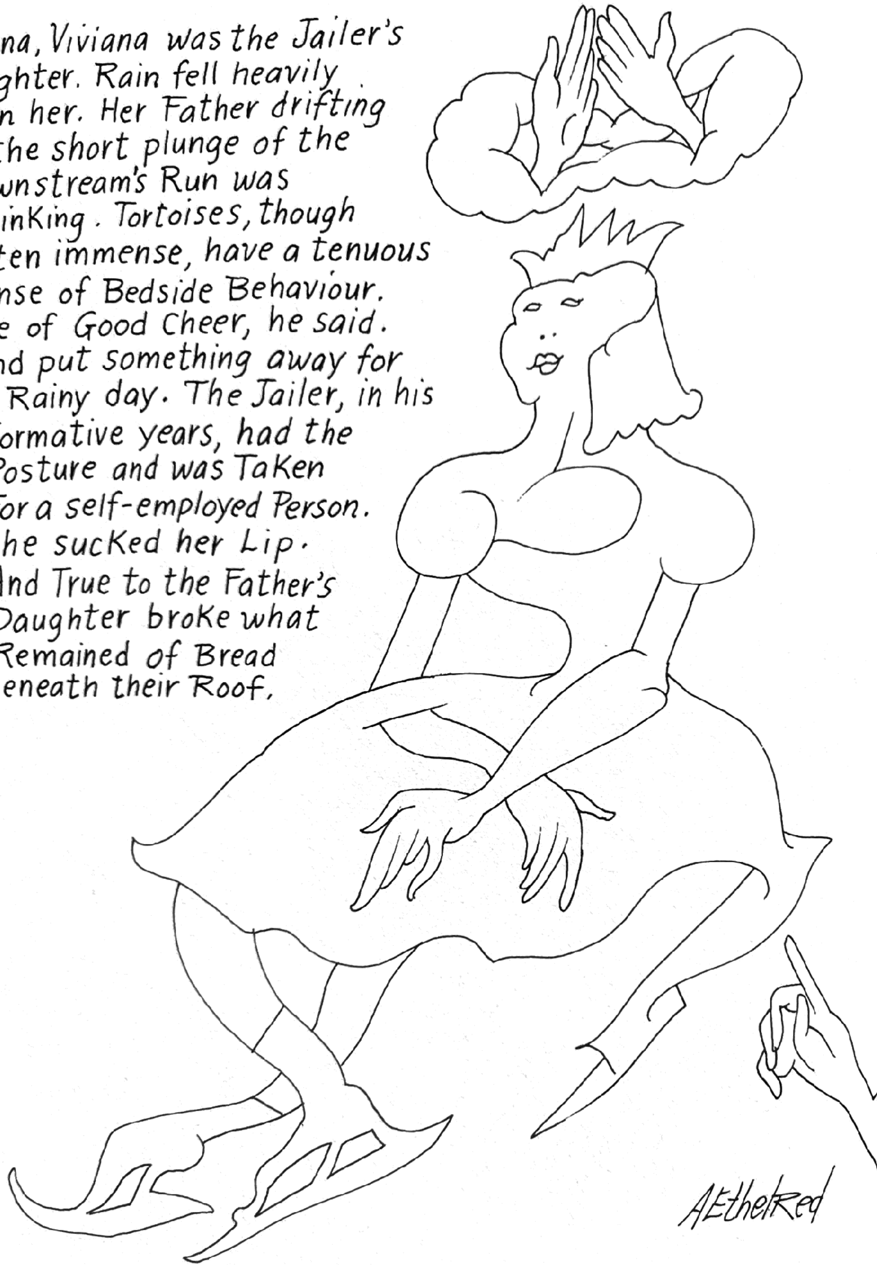
I have long wished, and through and through,
That a Good Thing were Bolder
Than a Bad Thing. That a
Signal from the Universe
Would come as simply
As a Leaf emboldened
To Fall. Or as a
Pebble interrupting
My Space Travel.



Today, with
Nothing to Do,
I have all the
Ear-marks
of an un-read
Book. It is
a Good Thing
there is some
Distance between
Me and the Deep-
Freeze in the
Dogs
at my Heels!


AEthelRed

Viviana, Viviana was the Jailer's
Daughter. Rain fell heavily
Upon her. Her Father drifting
On the short plunge of the
Downstream's Run was
ShrinKing. Tortoises, though
Often immense, have a tenuous
Sense of Bedside Behaviour.
Be of Good Cheer, he said.
And put something away for
A Rainy day. The Jailer, in his
Formative years, had the
Posture and was TaKen
For a self-employed Person.
She sucKed her Lip.
And True to the Father's
Daughter broke what
Remained of Bread
Beneath their Roof.

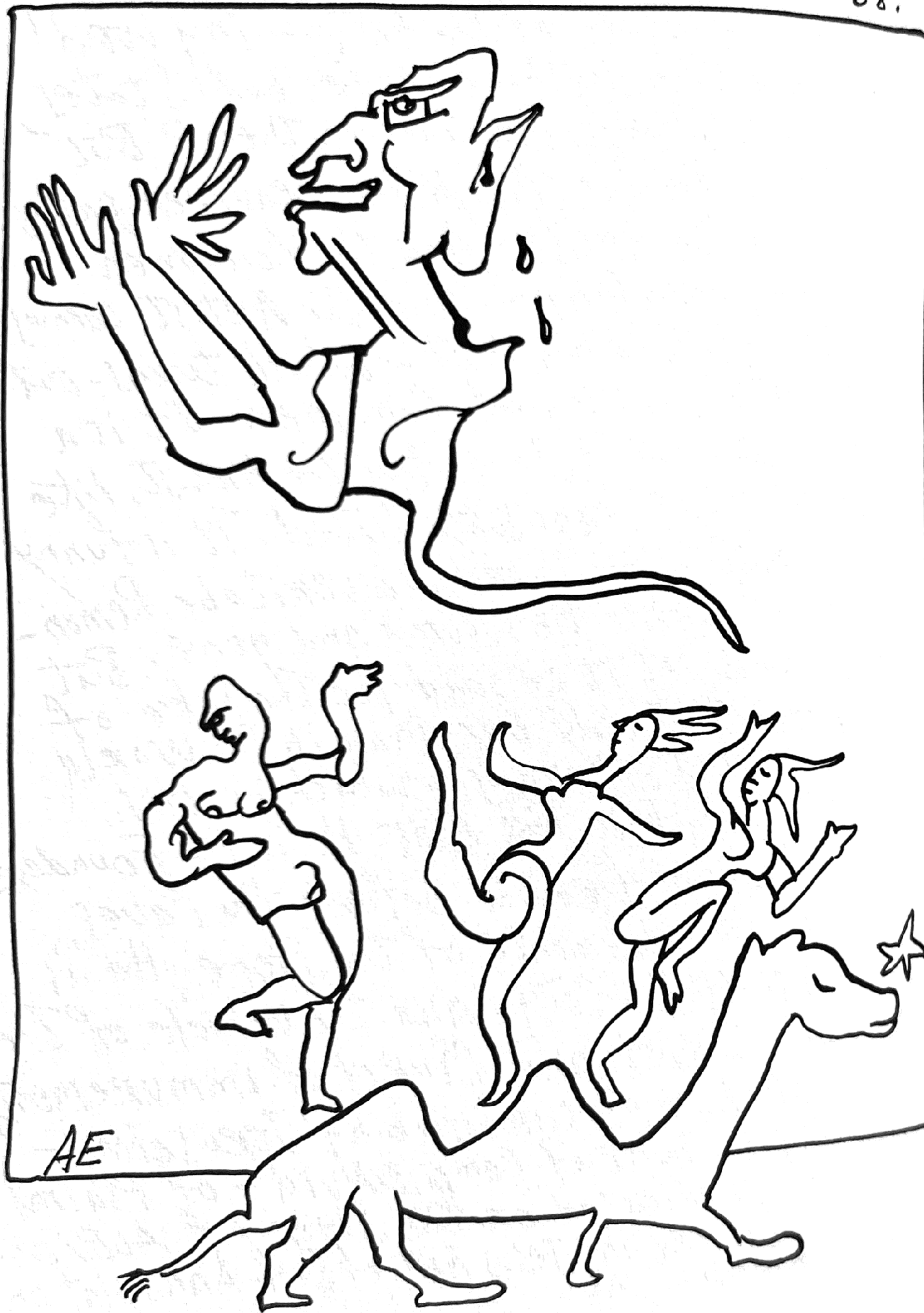


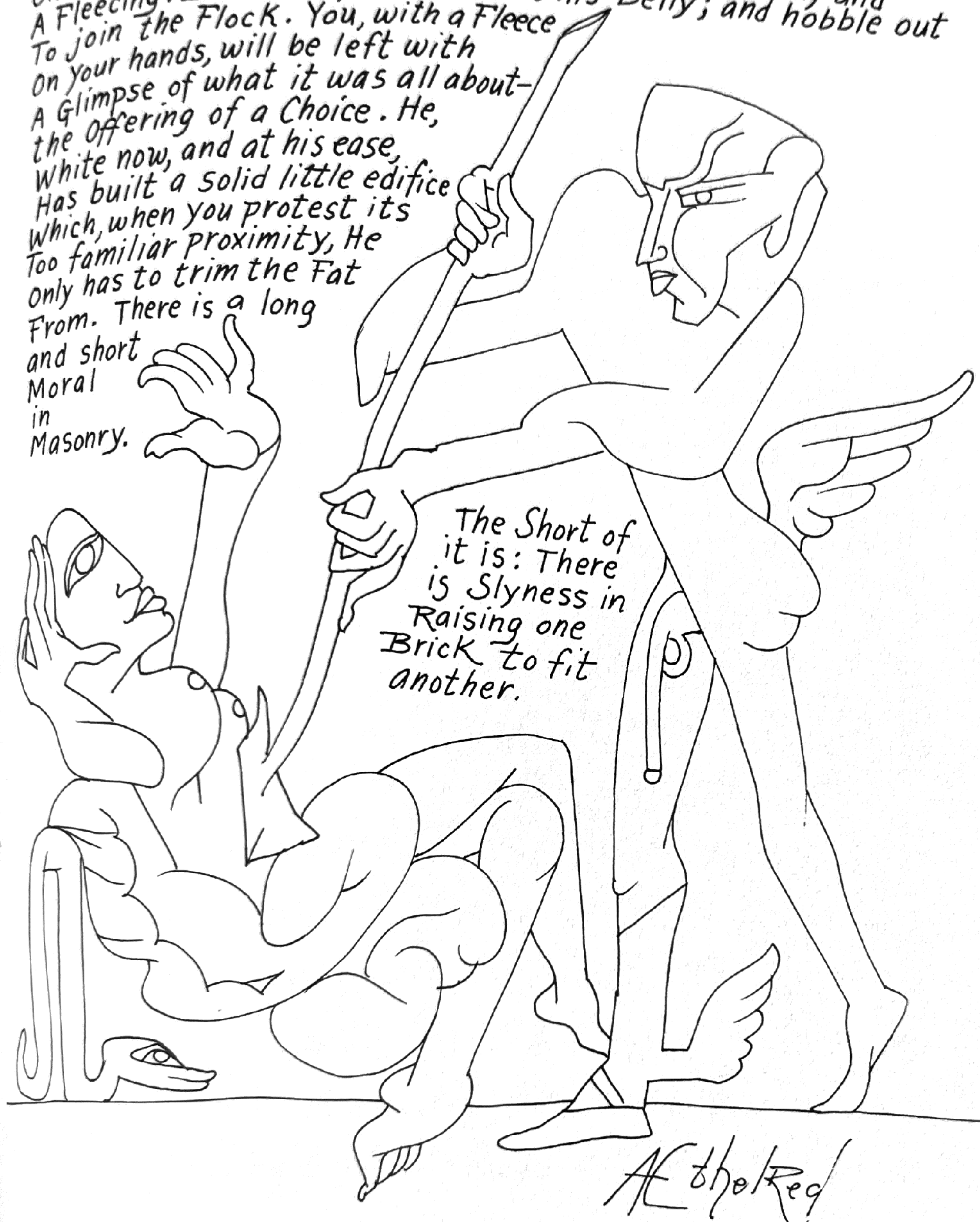

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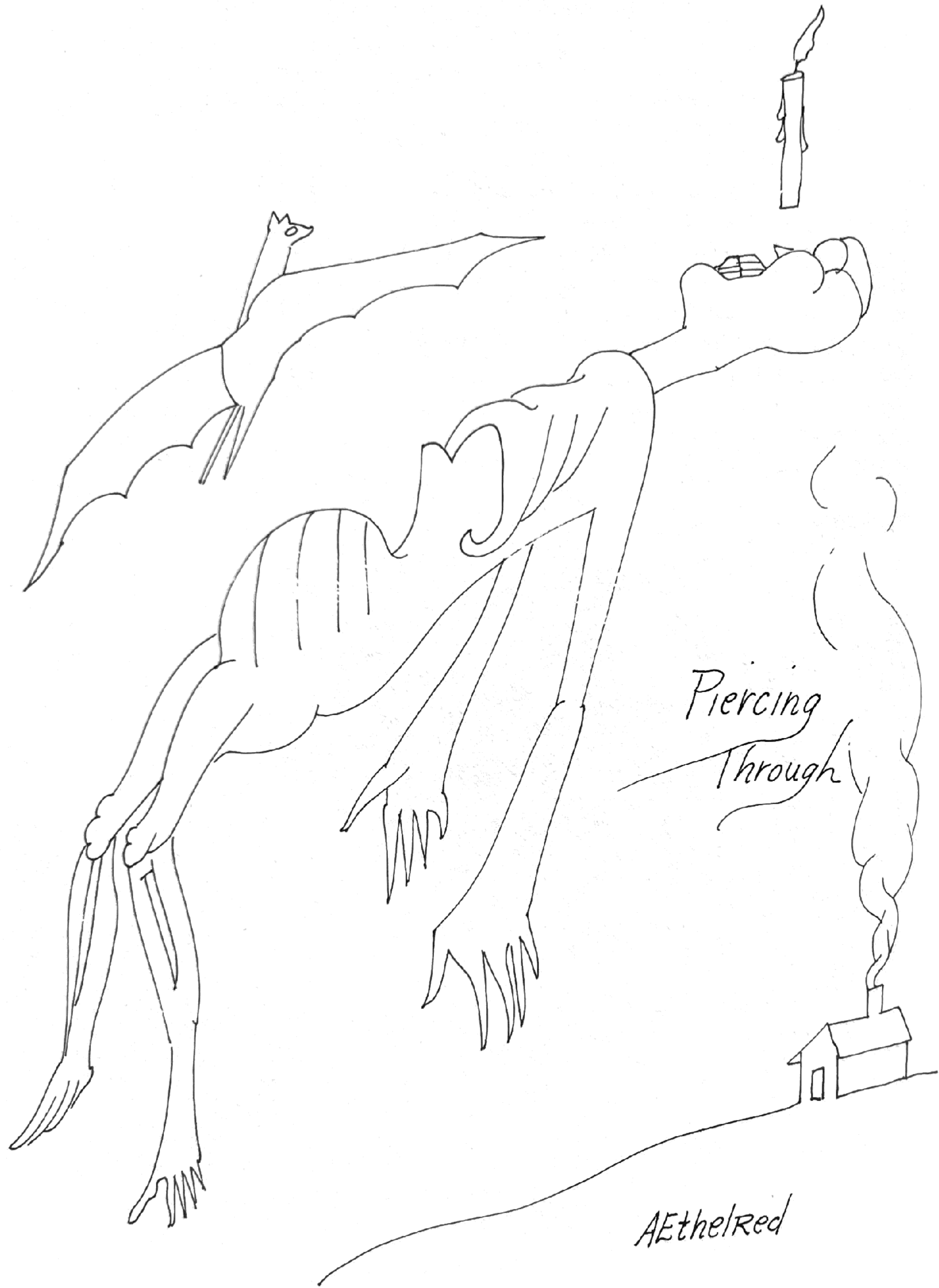
What is sleezier in the Long Run than transferring a Body
From yard to yard, imposing its Wonder on a hundred sleeping
Pounds of Figs, under cover of hard-boiling night without even
The impetus of grisly Death to hasten the expense of Flight?
Birds, being permitted their passing community, head South
Freely, or make Northerly expeditions on schedule. Lemmings,
Always a pestilence, with fang and claw against the Law
of Reason, enjoy the advantage of reckless capitulation—
Never to be exhumed Individually. I find it hard to accept
That Criminal offenses are filled with
Empty plots; and that the Risen Saviour
Has fled South, gay as a mindless
Bird. He Died: and
Stayed-put.
A Marvel
to gnaw
upon.



Again. The State of the Art — my Lord!
Has there been Anything - ever - but States;
and the 'How' of getting through them? But
The States Remain, though the Traveller passes-
on. He is the Artist. And the Con-men
pile-up behind Him. And the Artist comes
Again, eluding his Art — which turns-out
to be the Making of Con-men. It is a
Solid State at the End. And the Artist, like
Jesus is all but Trans-substantiated. It is funny
In his Mouth - This Word — a veritable Remon-
strance of where He's come and gone. But,
Funny, or not, let it be said for the Sake of
The Moon that only One Man in the World
Can have it Both Ways - which is His
Beauty, which is His Art. He is the Founder
of Art longo - foretold before the Caves.
He is the Rejecta-menta of the Stone. He is
The Artist of the City - and the Vehicle of The
portable Easel; and Mural of immurement;
of the Vallation circumscribing Jerusalem —
of the Angelic Twist of Camp David - of Psalms
Unsounded predicated on the Sleep of Albion -
of Golgonooza where The Jesus Art of Self-Annihilation
IS PERFORMED. AE.


AE


There is nothing more Victorious than Lording it while Yielding
It while rolling it upon your Tongue. As an example, take
A brown of face and brawny man and turn him yellow. Put him
On his Knees. Compel him to choose between his Belly and
A Fleecing. Be certain, he will Elect his Belly; and hobble out
To join the Flock. You, with a Fleece
On your hands, will be left with
A Glimpse of what it was all about–
the Offering of a Choice. He,
White now, and at his ease,
Has built a solid little edifice
Which, when you protest its
Too familiar proximity, He
Only has to trim the Fat
From. There is a long
and short
Moral
in
Masonry.
The Short of it is: There is Slyness in Raising one Brick to fit another.
AC the Red


Piercing
Through
AEthelRed

1. 6-9-78 71.

A Baptism. The New Baptism. A DRy-Run
Baptism. To the Dead Sea where it runs, the
Jordan and all Riverine Horses empty,
Sprinkling Holy Water on the lounging
Knaves discussing Cream of Tartar in a Tub.
From water into Wine the Lees Remain.
From blandishments of Doves the Dike, hand-
Written on the Wall, gRows crusty, sinking into
Ballast. Bells beneath the High Seas Ring.
Sandals without Thongs are fitful ~~foot~~gear.
The path He trod is watery. High Piracy in
Jesus seeks His Level. And like water with
A mind of its own The Dead Level laves
About the Dusty Cross-Bones. There is no
Doubt That Circumstantially the Dead-eR
Goes The Sea The Closer comes the Center
To the Heavy Water PRick beneath the
Upper Firmament, The Skull unleashing
In the pRotean Oxygen a double serving of
The Atom Hydrogen has had its Day
Diluvian, except for One; when from The
Tiresome, long-standing Death of watery Stuff
The whole of ALL Genetics Trips a Hair Shirt made of
FIRE. AE



2. 6-9-78 73.

A Baptism. The New Baptism. A DRY-Run
Baptism. To the Dead Sea where it dis-engorges
came a vial, a CORK, a fluttering half-
Hearted Hermetism and, by George, the
Dragon on a Banner flintier than Clouds
Accustomed to Sheer-off where Albion Shores
Up his Heart. Blood Running thicker Than Water
Is thronged with Broader ARROWS. The inmate
of the Blood Still Thinks; therefore he gets
Away with watering The wine. Don't listen
To me. I am but a Parson thickening The
Rites. Stagnant waters adding to The Vintage
Weigh the Anchor in The Heart That breeds
A Reptile with an Eye on Top. Pure and
Superficially abounding slime, if cattle
other Kine and barnyard fowl are added
to The List of what The Instinct doth prefer gives
perseverence to The WORM, the Scumming WORM
That frets The mind. "The eye Sees more Than
The Heart Knows". In the midst of Fire
We are grain-fed Pyromaniacs. In Egypt
We are Chemically Black-hearted. In
Presumption on the un-altered Heart, We
Are changelessly as Pyrrhic, as the saying goes,
In Victory.

AE.



A Baptism. The New Baptism. A DRY RUN
Baptism. And do they say, 'there are no
Victors, only losers'? It is the flotsam
Eye, the jetsam Eye, the perfect Alacrity
of the Saurian That Solemnizes This bit
of the Salvageable Eye-full. He Bides his
Time, the ALL-Seer, The appeasing Cross-over.
When He's not a banner, the Stagnancy of
Mind is stymied in The Immensity of His
Den - and 'Den' is CURT for curtains in
The Density of where He Hovers - for the
Air overhead is thick with Plovers Burning.
But I am Given to a Victory. Plain and
Simple. The Sun of Grandsons shall be
Quenched and set The Little Lake of Udan-
Adan, Like a heart, afire! Out of Locked-
In water, out e-moting from The Necessary
Old material of womb-like pliability inventing
Comes the Prodigal of Intellect - "To
Comfort ORC in his dire sufferings, Look!
My Fires enlume afresh!" Solid fire, Silken
Fire, Sullen Fire, Stormy Fire, Secret Fire,
Pale fire, thick-flaming Fire! AE


a total Solar
Eclipse is an alarm-
ing phenomenon
not to be
spoken
openly of.
AE

And Water-floods of Fire; Seas of Fire—Torrents of Fire, exultant, malignant and ceaselessly at play—Generous Fire, Renewing The Soul through fire-flaming, From Eternity to Eternity! The small Fires playing in The Lonely Fen are nothing To Fear. Nor does the Lost Boy jump at The Splashing Crane. And Come the Day, a Crest of Fire Rose on his Forehead, Red as The Carbuncle. And the Inflammation of Time, Synchronous with welts and turgid boils And Tumours acting-up like Tumuli tumescent on the Earth's Skin Depth, moved as a Rock of scurfing on the Surface Lake of Fire. And in This Mental Frictive Blaze, Trembling Millions Start Forth! The Little Boy Lost Becomes a Man. And what is fire-but The interchange of Beauty and Perfection In The Darkness burning up The Selfhood In The Man To Be! He Says-among these other Things-says BLAKE: "We are very happy sitting at Tea by a Wood Fire in our Cottage." The content of Fire


Oil, drop by drop,
Oiled
The
machine.

5. 9-9-78 29.

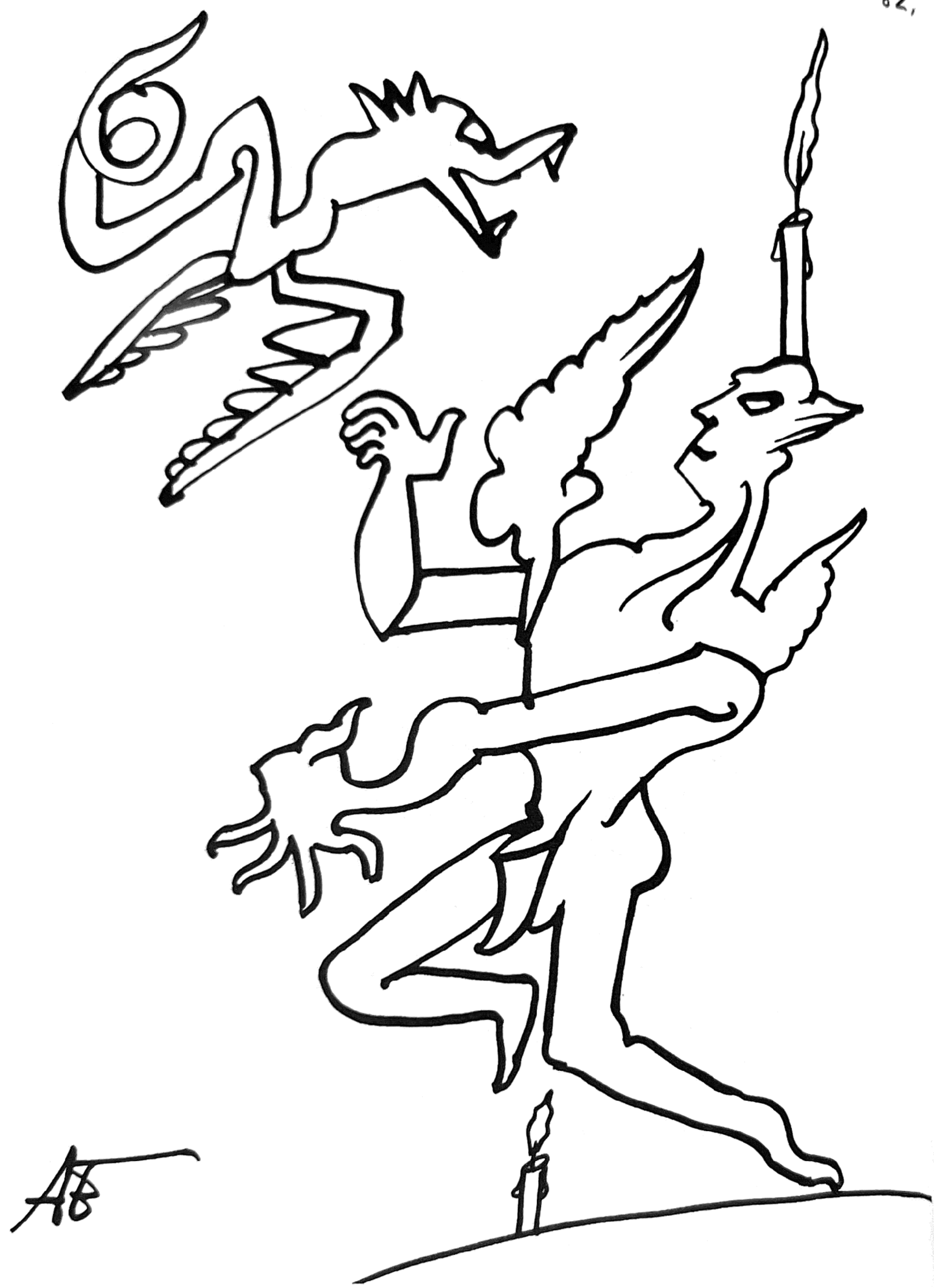
Has little to do with what The Heart Calls Desire. The Babe can't Hear That We are Vicars of His Calling. And Blake in further correspondance lights upon his fingers telling they "emit sparks of Fire with Expectation Shooting toward his Future Labours". Fire Is the Labouring. And Water is Routine. And the Christian Baptism is the Ceremony of Initiation leading and welcoming the Lost Child into the Lonely Labour of Routine. This Babe is beyond our Hearing. But where We Vicar and wherein we labour There He will be led — for this Ceremony is The Anti-christ; and is Good, insofar as it Is The First Assumption — and must be put-off continually. Nor should we hold The Mere Babe to an un-altered Opinion of Himself. Look to His Name in Flames of Fire. Lo! ORC arises upon The Atlantic! And The Prophecy of Fire issues before The Throne! The Infant's limbs, when He Returns, Shall be consuming. What hand dare seize the Fire!

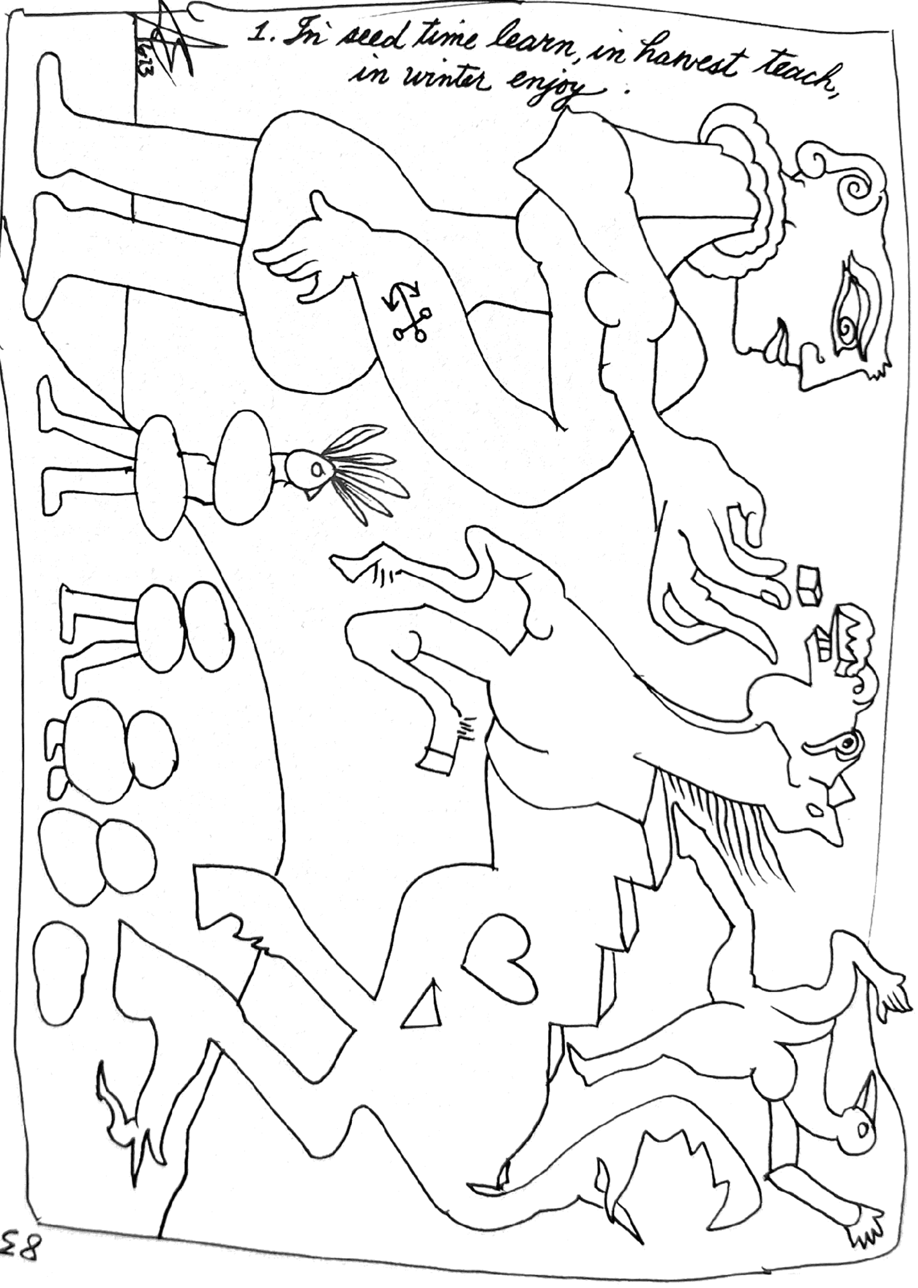
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AE

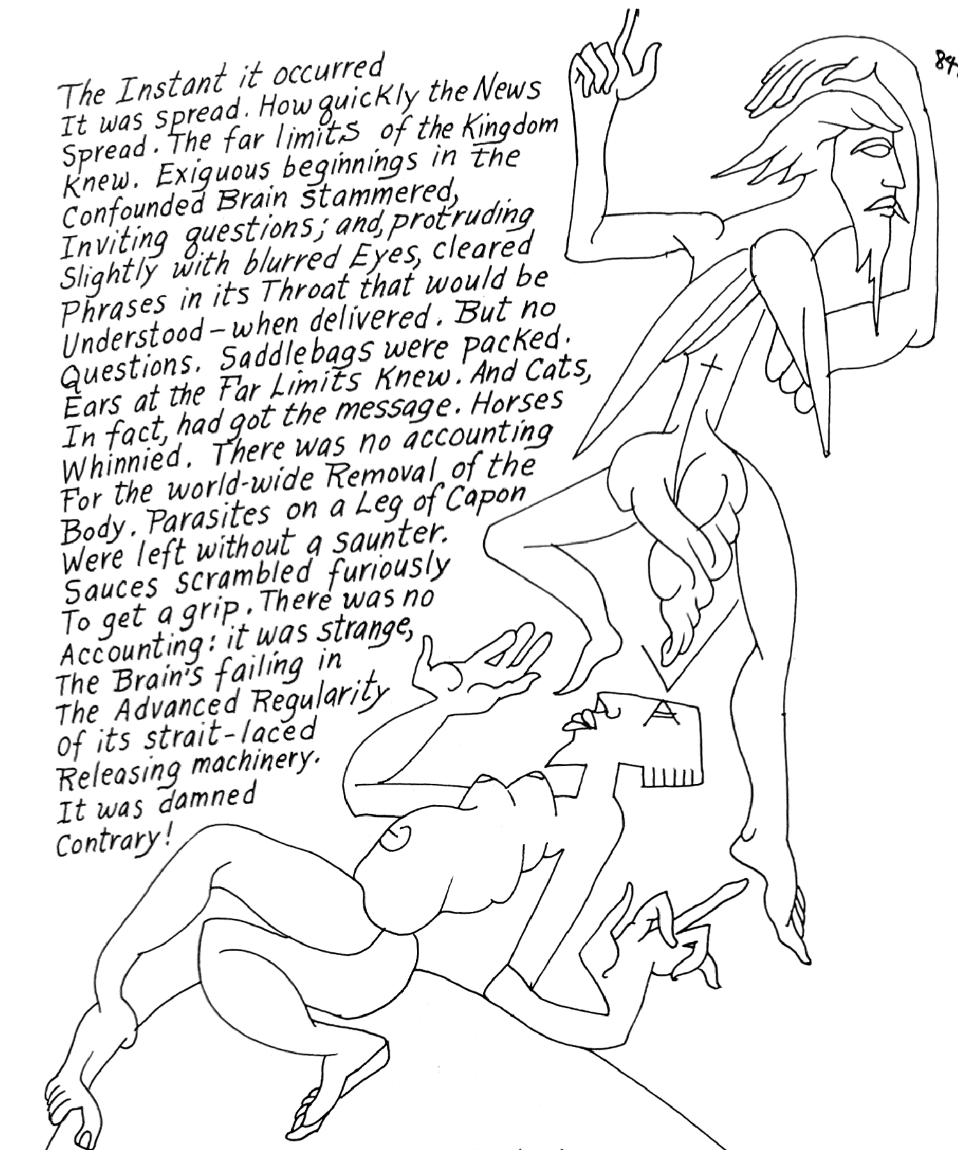
6. 9-9-78 81.

And from This BRAZEN Bucket we go on.
Three men in a Tub; Rub-a-dub-dub. And
A Wild coursing of Dalmations. This is a
Fire House Bucket. It's never quenched
A Dove, ARSon and humanly unmitigated
Acts of God it's seen a lot of Service in.
And now in its Retirement it is our
Fount in Fountain Court. Living Water,
Drawn from Anywhere, it holds an
English Bucket measure as inevitable as
The Man They'll never take away. And
To describe what we're up to; it's a matter
of Going Through The Procedure. First, bring
The Infant Near. I dip my hand; and Asperse
The water, standing for The Asperities of The
Moon, and balming Dew. Next I mark a
Broadened Arrow - my finger's moist, but
Drying - on His Forehead. And Now: to
Call the Name Aloud. O. Ryan Gassaway,
O. Ryan Gassaway! The Air is filled with
Your Resonance. You are in a Public Way, as
We are Witnesses. May you Seek and find
Your Friends - not of this World - as the
Fire is Your Inheritance! AE



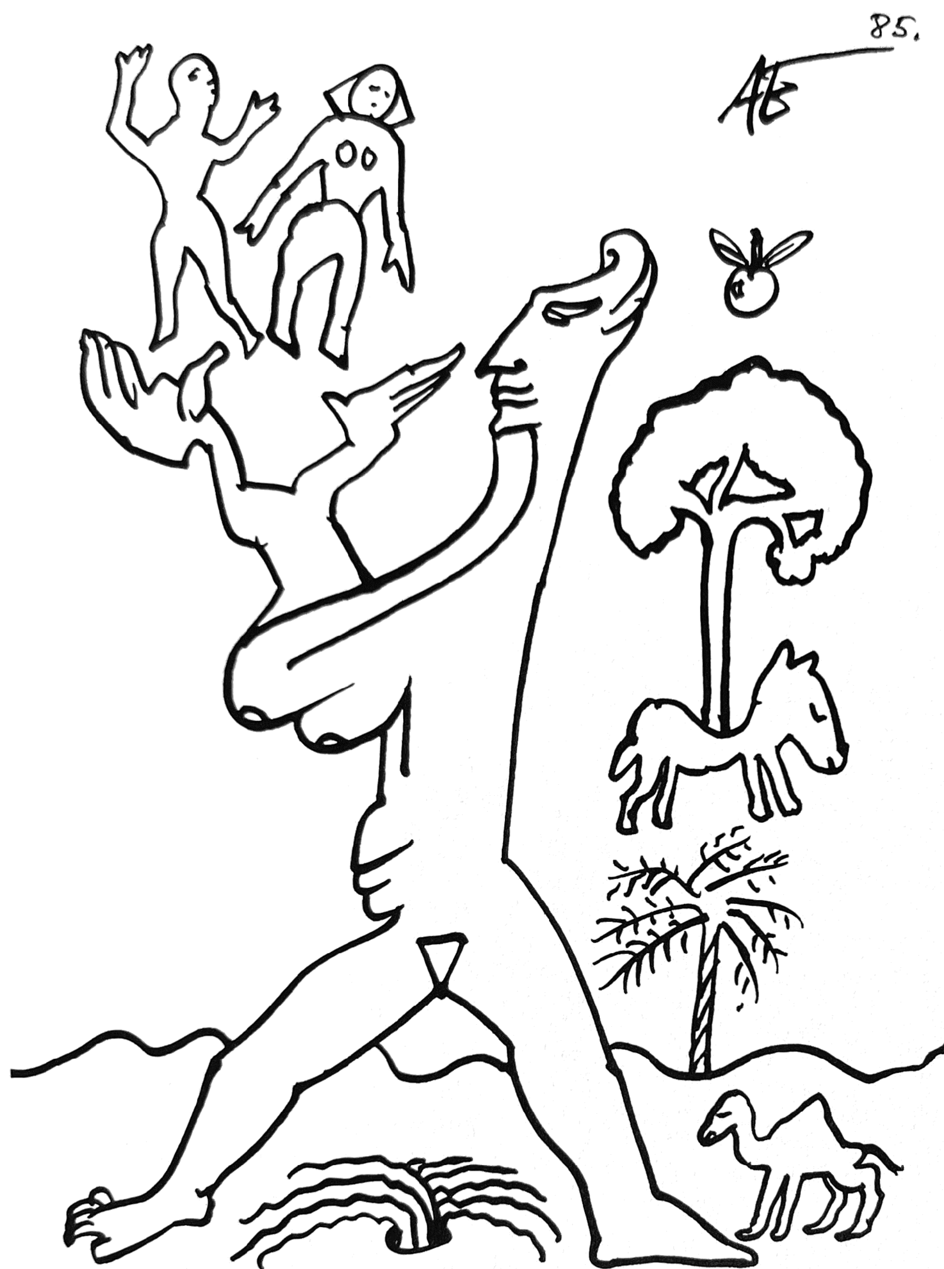

1. In seed time learn, in harvest teach,
in winter enjoy.

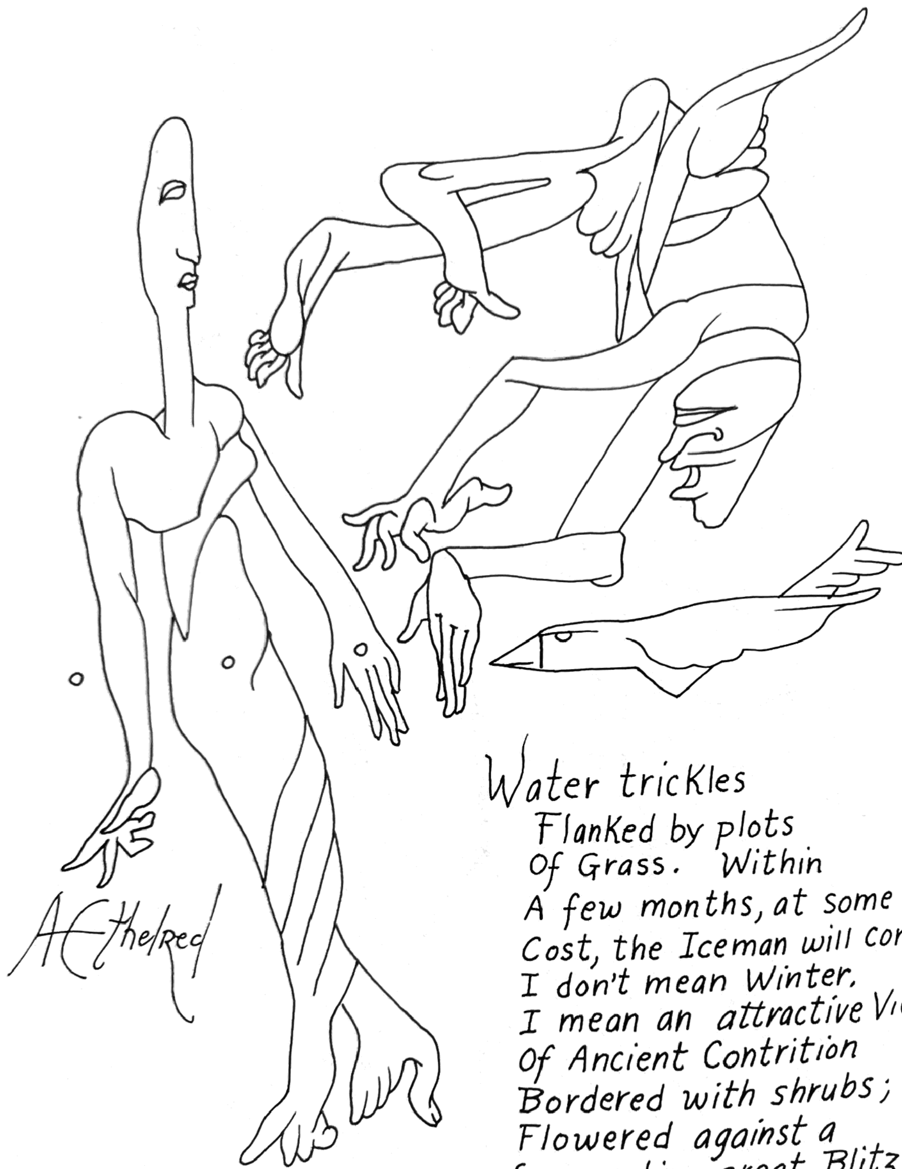
The Instant it occurred
It was spread. How quickly the News
Spread. The far limits of the Kingdom
Knew. Exiguous beginnings in the
Confounded Brain stammered,
Inviting questions; and, protruding
Slightly with blurred Eyes, cleared
Phrases in its Throat that would be
Understood – when delivered. But no
Questions. Saddlebags were packed.
Ears at the Far Limits Knew. And Cats,
In fact, had got the message. Horses
Whinnied. There was no accounting
For the world-wide Removal of the
Body. Parasites on a Leg of Capon
Were left without a saunter.
Sauces scrambled furiously
To get a grip. There was no
Accounting: it was strange,
The Brain's failing in
The Advanced Regularity
Of its strait-laced
Releasing machinery.
It was damned
Contrary!



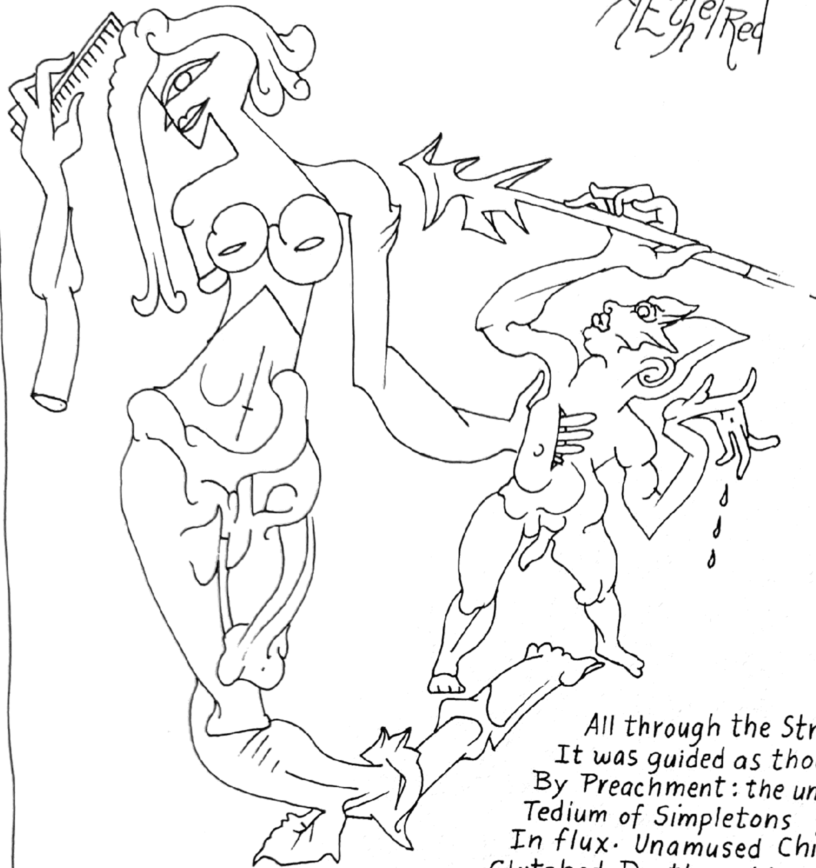
One of History's Strangest stories
Refuses to tell how the System,
Releasing a Man to his Soul,
Is not hooked-up to hum upon the Grid
Of Instant re-play.

Athelred


85.



Water trickles
Flanked by plots
Of Grass. Within
A few months, at some
Cost, the Iceman will come.
I don't mean Winter.
I mean an attractive View
Of Ancient Contrition
Bordered with shrubs;
Flowered against a
Surrounding great Blitz
Of devastation.

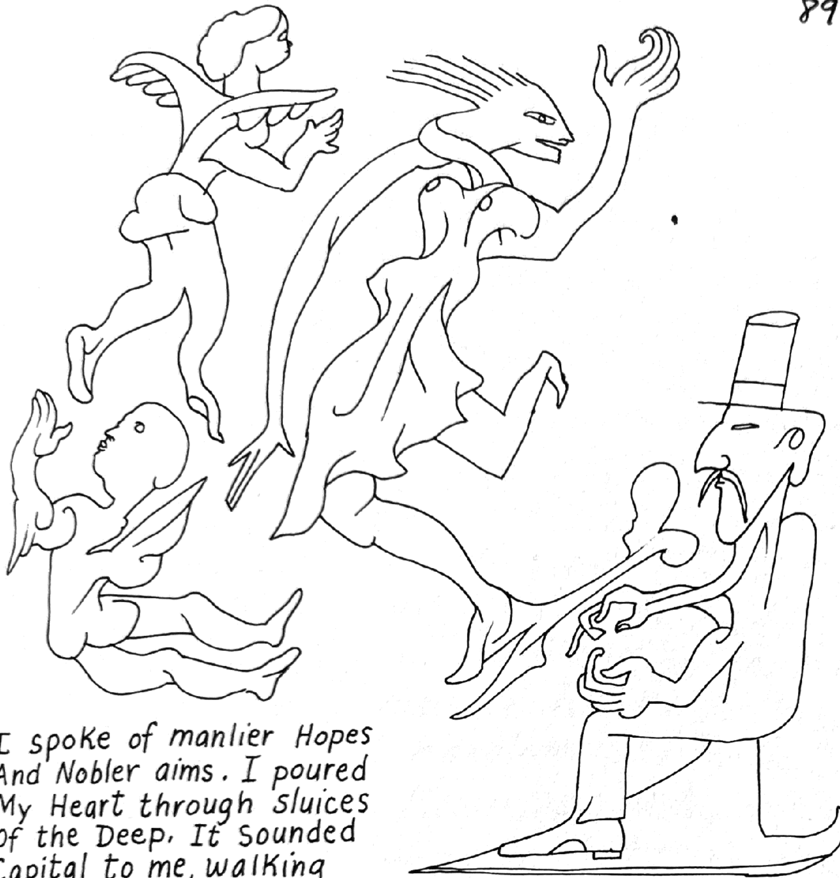


All through the Streets
It was guided as though
By Preachment: the unerring
Tedium of Simpletons
In flux. Unamused Children
Clutched Death as big as a
Nut. (I attest this Tomb is
Made of Stone. The children of
The World will vouch in this. Knock.
Knock. Who hangeth There; in the Air?)
Never again will the Little Children suffer the cutting
To the Quick. The Thrust Now in the Sinking Flesh
Enlarges on the Fool. And out of the Stroke of the Seed
Comes Hair, Teeth and Bone. And out of the North comes
Persuasion pulling Iron Nails from Wooden Hulls. HELP!
It's a Fool's Conceit seeking to be Wise according
To its Type.

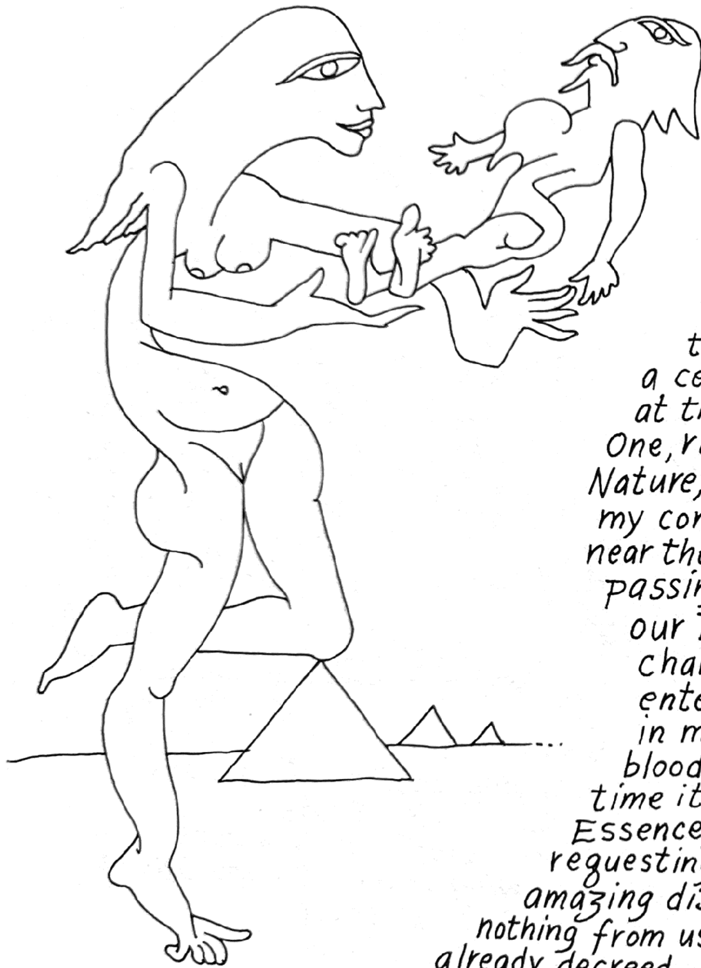
I have not a Thought in my Head.
I pinched a Princess and sneezed.
At the Back of my Mind
It seemed that She was
Inhumane. I rejoice in her
Unhappiness. And will
Surely pinch her again.
I calculate that She
Is advertising for
Another Pinch.
And I am gladdened
Beyond my present
Affliction at the
Thought of
Losing my
Mind
So
Sensibly.



AEthelRed



I spoke of manlier Hopes
And Nobler aims. I poured
My Heart through sluices
of the Deep. It sounded
Capital to me, walking
On the Sheep Walks.
I nursed a mysterious Buttonhole
On the dark side of its gleaming button. I Groped
To be Remembered. And Laced Her Boots
On Salisbury Plain. A turret clock at Two A.M.
Groaned; and brought me, owing money, to my Senses.
It was apparent that One Boot, at least,
With great fun had reached to the Lethal Zone
Of Her Neck. From childhood, being precocious,
I was Good at Tying Bow Knots in shoe Laces.



No One near
enough
to twine a
stalKing motion
from the East
Dropped gum
or gems, it's true.
Nor did Needles
get excited. But
hot wires in the
Juice of garlic
ramped vulgarly,
affecting Nearness
in my Blood.
I omit to embrace
the Remembrance of
a certain contentment
at that time. A loved
One, rather Dual in her
Nature, was common to
my constitution plying
near the tolling of the
passing Bell. We cured
our Bodies falling into
charity at Home. And
entered Ears conceived
in marks of Woman's
blood. In no Time, or the
time it takes to hate an
Essence, Best Wishes,
requesting evidence of our
amazing disposition, removed
nothing from us that wasn't
already decreed.

Who is not initiate, where is the Stranger,
to the Envious Place a City is? Over
Cities, hungry clouds swagging, the purse-
Strings and the Heart thereof fulfil the
Incestuous Requirements of Remoteness and Magni-
tude. Swamps occupy the Pulse of Matter. The
Appetite of Compensation to the End of Prophecy
Begins to come-in for a Bruise where Dawn,
The Purple Flower polarizing Easter, rears upon
The Log — and dampening fog-bound morn comes
Battering The Door. In a Sequence of Three —
Ask, Seek & Knock — all the Little Foxes herald
A Golden-horned Ram. The Mask and the Fleece
of a Myriad of importuning Shivers backs-up
In Their Boots — but in another like The First,
And apt throughout the Momentarily-delaying
Sequence, the Crash collapsing in A Man arrives.
The Treasures stored-up in The Silly Heaven make for
The Dereliction of the Door. Ye are the Gates.
Jerusalem's none other! My Lord! How I Love
The City — and am envied there! Ignorance is
A Kind word of Kindred Nature which never
Speaks of it amongst themselves. I am but Two
Words, which together make the sound of a Wolf in Sheep's
Clothing — a Howl somewhere in the Heart of Golgonooza.

AE



I am a Man Conspicuous
For my Local Origins.
All over my Face it is Writ
How I stretched my Hand
And Killed the Leaves, the Birds
Obedient to my Hushed-up Name;
And how I divided the Roots randomly.
All over my Face the Ugly Derivation
Urges me back upon the familiar Word
And Deed of the mighty Wonder of Murder.
AMEN. Thy Servant is made manifest in this Epistle
Saluting You, O Satan. AMEN.

AEthelRed

From the Guttering Consortium of applauding
Battle-axes comes the Consonantal Nadir of
The Intellectual WAR! And Anglo-Saxonisms in
The Act of dutiful performance – though I don't
Implore them – do their doughty deed. Small
Cakes of dough, and boiled in Lard, and dovelets
Dowsed by Lettuce Through Phonology are lacking
In the Intellect of where I've bored my
Hole. And what I know of "Inscrutable"
Is too New to give to The New Age. I've heard
It called The Age – by someone not as utterly
as broken as a Reed – of Discontinuity. And
I have The Ease of Contact with a Watcher
who assures me that The Reed so smartly
Up-to-date will Sound a Shriller Signal when
The Eagle of Immensity breaks up The physical
Nonsense of the physical contact between
Air and The Feather of cowardice. When
The Swallows Swallowing whole The outright
Howl of Orc in Capistrano are blown up before
Their final advent in Finality shouldn't we know
that what we see before us in a Moment is The
All-in-All! Discontinuity is The Mercy of Time.
unless, of course, you are a MAN less abstract than that
statement – in which case you are the Inspirational Ends
of the World at WAR with YOURSELF. AE

It was last December when the Pearls arrived. I was
Wearing an elastic-Knit Sandwich Board, a Brow austere
With beautifully clever traces of cobwebs—and a Burr,
Thrown-in in time to witness the Arrival, had worked beneath
My saddle. The pearls were Fake. I marched-on, bending
Against the storm; and boarded a small sailing ship.
And this I did at the height of the Season
When Common People were receiving confirming
Reports placing all the World's tidal pearls
Under interdict of suspicion. Next Christmas,
I promise you, I shall be fast approaching
Canterbury with a Fist above my Head.
This is my first, and concluding, report of the
Panic which will fall upon the Common Recipients
Of Heads when they learn I bring again
Falsely distributed Pearls to abuse, further,
the swine-ishness
of congenital
Mind.



Rouse UP! Men of The New Age! Youngsters
I am telling you! And if you ask of 'What'
or take it amiss that anyone can 'tell' you
AnyThing — Then count yourself out, for I
Have; and thank Your Lucky Stars.
Where did I Hear it that The CHARIOTS were
patrolling? With mine own Ears is 'Where'
Enough for me. Where did I See it That
The CHARIOTS were FIERY? There is no
Evidence in The Burning Eyes! And where
Do You Come-in, O Youngsters of THE
New Age? On the Heels of Falling Stars
One Appointed PLACE is gathered, Though
The Ostensible Earth is Bombarded. You
Come-in like Lightning where The Wraith
of Plummet Lines are bent concatenating
In The Torch Relaying Angels. You come-in,
And who'll dispute it, where The Hand That
Dares The FIRE Seizes Emptiness — and throttles
It! Young Men of The New Age! Your Eman-
Ations are ahead of You. Your Daughters,
Even now, are in The Outline and The Sanctuary
Drawn for Fellow-travellers. And yet, it takes
The Rousing-up to Galvanize The Heart 'called Golgonooza'
AWAKE. AE

Suffer not an Injury of Ignorance — Hate it!

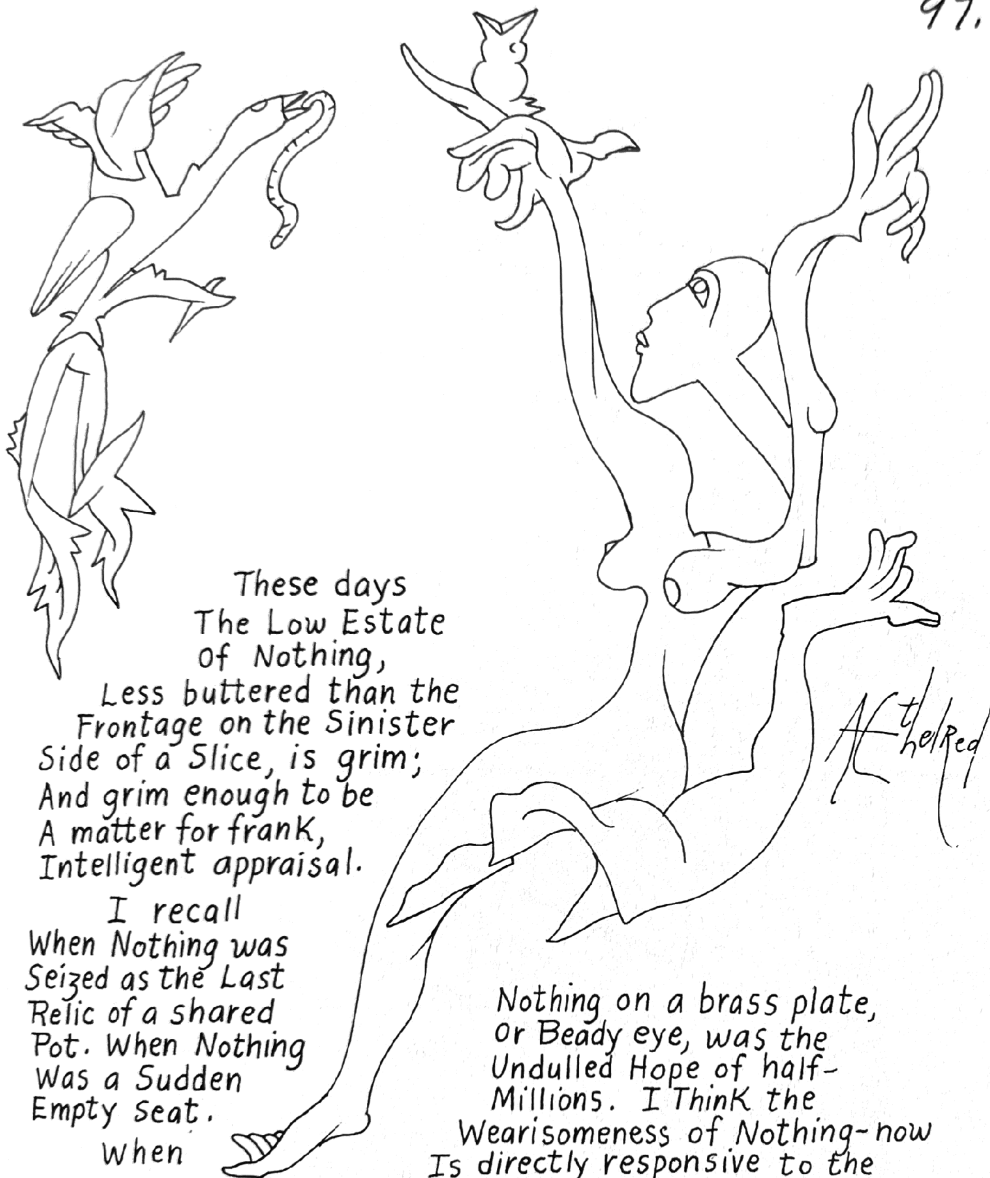
96.



"I have Innocence to Defend — and Ignorance To Instruct" WB

"What are the pains of Hell but Ignorance.."

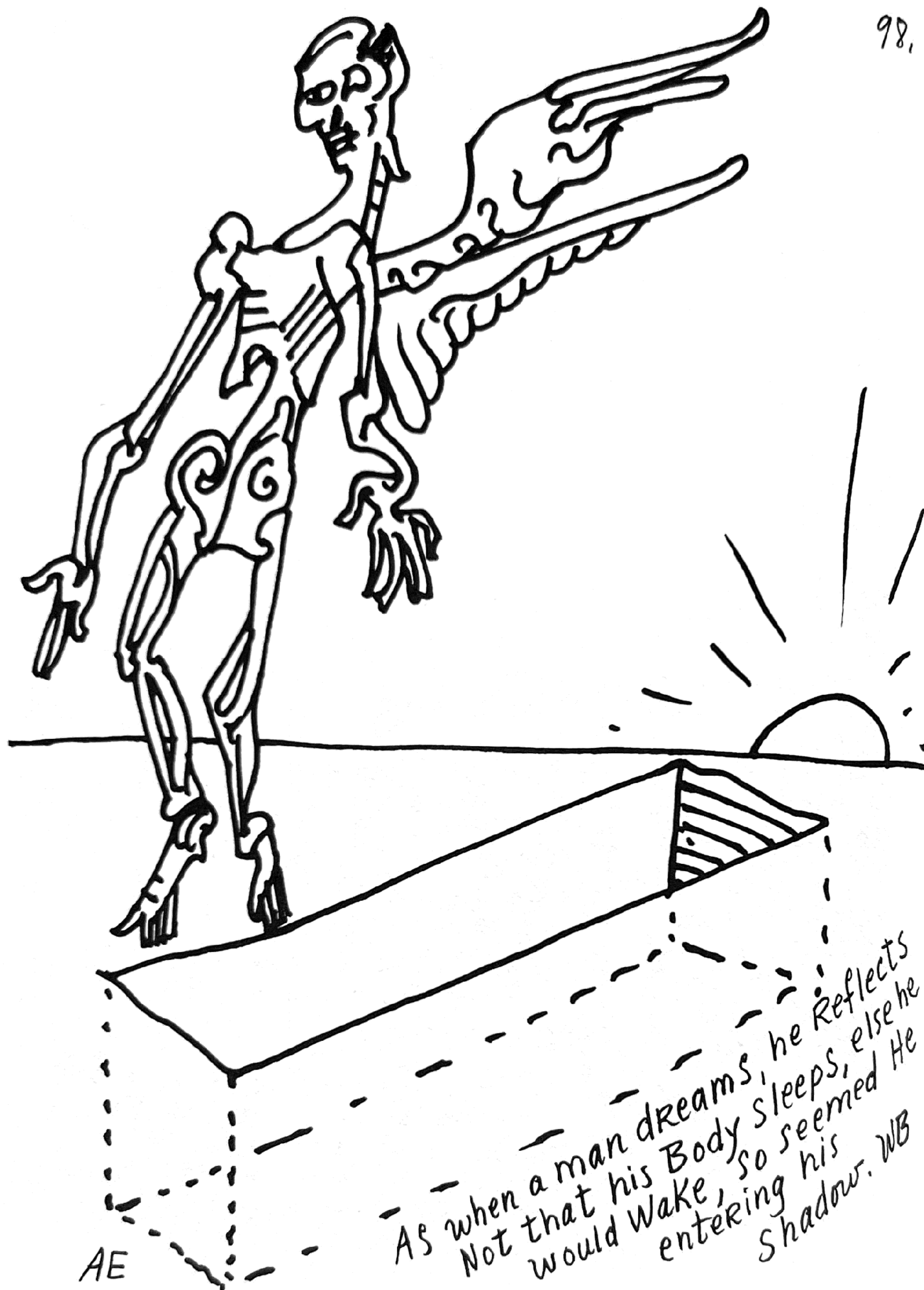
".. twisted Self-conceit — dark Ignorance!"



These days
The Low Estate
Of Nothing,
Less buttered than the
Frontage on the Sinister
Side of a Slice, is grim;
And grim enough to be
A matter for frank,
Intelligent appraisal.

I recall
When Nothing was
Seized as the Last
Relic of a shared
Pot. When Nothing
Was a Sudden
Empty Seat.

When
Nothing on a brass plate,
Or Beady eye, was the
Undulled Hope of half-
Millions. I Think the
Wearisomeness of Nothing-now
Is directly responsive to the
Missing Fly in Someone's Soup. Or,
To the Baby thrown-out with the Last
Spent Shilling. Do you understand, Boy?
Not a bit, Sir.


As when a man dreams, he Reflects
Not that his Body sleeps, else he
would Wake, so seemed He
entering his
Shadow. WB
AE

"Why will you die, O Eternals? Why live
in unquenchable burnings?" With tears
He let the fire go out streaming down
his cheeks. The materials of this ini-
tiative were wedge-shaped, steadfast,
vaulting tears—as aforesaid—chiefly
tapering at the rear in the archae-
ologies of fear; for Fear is thick
Guel—(gruel)—thickened-up by a for-
givable slip of the Tongue 'sembled
Unto lines of parallel Red in veteran—
No! Vet-No!—Vertical Bars of black
& White preventing the bloodhound
of forcible misery from any but
Aortic entry. ✠ Two sticks affric-
ative were rubbed. Two Threes (Or Trees)
Afforested in Los & in his shipmate
by Bacterial power, the comma, the ess;
Namely, Urizen. And a slow separa-
tion of the articulating organs was
followed by an Anti-Body Deputized
to follow-up Antithesis: Dog ears dead-
Reckoning on the heels of Domino-men.
"First I fought with Fire", quoth the
Raven in the Oxygen, Breathed He
above the Waters—a daily task.

URIZEN BALANCING in the Firmament: turn upside-down to See Los (abstract
the moustache, make fiery Locks from
Mountain Ash) mellowing in the Neap
of Mam-Tor; forming his Nest Egg
in the Encrustation of the Mundane Shell;
Up-heaving the Nectaries of Urizen,
known as Heavens. Stiff Goat's Ur-
ine cuts the grease of the Lost Lamb.



"the SAXON Returns with the English, His Redeemed BRother!" WB

AE



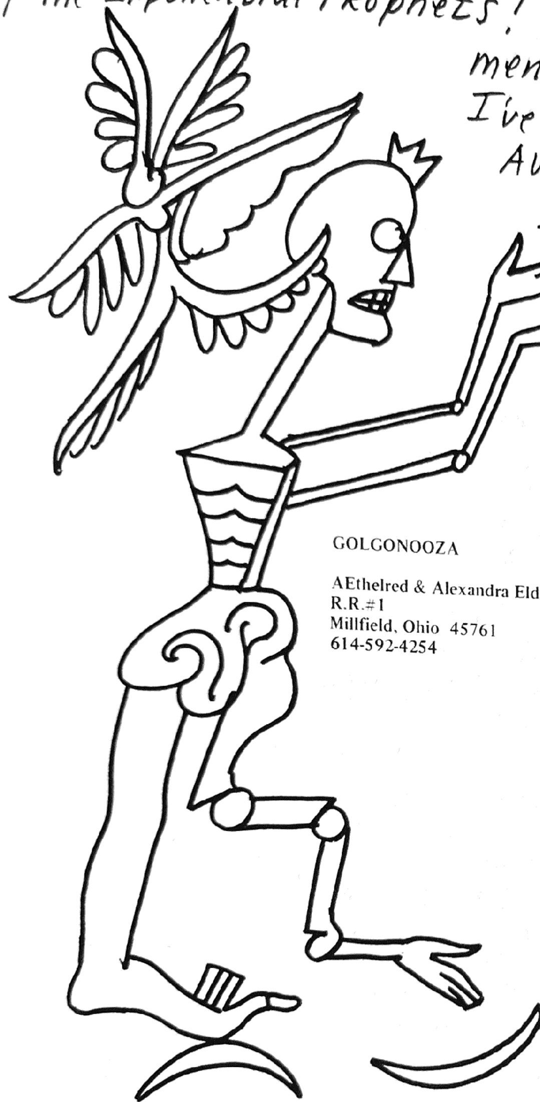
To: Authority – Those so capacitated.
Subject: An Advertisement for Myself
('Myself': A Self-fufilling Prophecy of Self-Annihilation.)

AEthelRed and BLAKE ALOUD

I have Sounded Loud and waxed Rhetoric on
The Gogmagog-ish Hills; and at Avebury;
And o'er-looking the Heel Stone of Stonehenge;
And in the Clouds of Glastonbury Tor – and

In Church Yards where the Burning Dead bear Witness. And from empty Pulpits I have Spewed and Spent the wisdom of Delivered words Absurdly over England. Nor did I fail in a Hotel In Bloomsbury. And 'cross the Thames, past Lambeth, down the Street of Hercules' I took To the Hedges invoking the Number Thirteen — Like any wayward Priest. And on the Cheap From There, I made it to The Island in the Moon, Or Bunhill Fields. And There I Leavened in a Silently Clamorous Moment: a True Dissenter Somewhat East of Eden. And I've performed The Glad Event on Tumuli, and other nearly Levelled Places, in America. I've done it on the Serpent Mound and Sutton-elsewhere-squandered-Hoos Effigial, in Ohio. And haven't I Rehearsed it Here-Abouts where Arks and Logans, Rocking Stones of ALBION'S PETRIFIC Altars, are for a Curse Twice-Hid — and for a Blessing? I wear Sack-cloth of Vegetable Fibre, It's the only Style that taint Bed-clothes. And I've done it At INSTITUTIONS — High an' low — Schools and Prisons. I've chewn and spat the Marriage Knot That BLAKE divulged of Heaven and It's Hell! (I am not TALL, I am LOUD - and Clothed in ARROWS,) (Like any Self-Respecting Penitent.) And wherever I go, as the Wind is Driven to extend its invitation, I Leave the only MARK a Man Can Leave — and What is that?

A Momentary Explosion of Doubt! What more can Confirmed exponents of Hesitation ask of the Last of the Exponential Prophets! 'Speaking Engagements'—is that the Phrase I've 'bit the Bullet' to Avoid? I am a Slave; I go to be FREE. The Drop of a Hat is a Reasonable Price to Pay.



GOLGONOOZA

AEthelred & Alexandra Eldridge
R.R.#1
Millfield, Ohio 45761
614-592-4254

AEthelred Aloud!

~~June 5 - 8:30~~
~~126 McGregor~~
~~Reception following:~~
~~Four Winds Cafe~~

ANTIOCH,
OBERLIN,
BUCKNELL,
Kansas City Art Inst.,
OHIO UNIV.,
UNIV. MICH., New York
etc.



Eldridge, AEthelred.
Albion awake! 1977. 108p. illus. Golgonooza: The Church of William Blake, c/o A. Eldridge, R. R. #1, Millfield, OH 45761, paper, $3.

"I am AEthelred Eldridge . . . down-to-earth in the life of William Blake." Ornate invocation, riddle, fast and furious allusion, pun, morality masque, mystic hocus-pocus, archaic parody, or nonsense personified? Will the real AEthelred please step forward? These "AEthelgrams" and allegories awaken imaginary worlds, where to believe, know, do, and say are not separated. Blake's "new energy" is invoked as a religion of immediate art, supreme imagination, and applied prophecy. AEthelred appoints himself its high priest, public performer, artist, and visionary No. 1. Address: Church of William Blake at "Golgonooza," Ohio. Whatever else, satirist or prophet, AEthelred is an acrobat of words and *Albion* is his first "performance".

american library association
june 15, 1978
volume 74 number 20
booklist

Back Cover. Here is Golgonooza – landslip SCREE, not of alternatives, but of Angels gone oblique – and I am single-hatted, but the Level-headed Saxon Brimmed, at last – and not, of course, to yielding proclivities. The Angels are a mindless Bunch. Their Groins are flattened to the Earth up-ended.

Four-fold London 'cross the Deluge called Atlantic Via Spirit, or the Ghost, is the vitiating, Self-Annihi-lative theme of every morn broke Here in alias Ohio known in circles otherwise as GOLGONOOZA.

"Tho born on the cheating banks of Thames, tho his waters bathed my infant limbs, the OHIO shall wash His stains from me: I was born a slave, but I Go to be Free." Wm. BLAKE

Go be God – a key for Children. And indenture be but slavishly A-grind-ing at the Bit. Washable be stain where Flesh is Spirited away by ghostly flesh – and tight the Fit. And as The Briton's Blue is Heaven's Skin-deep Rent – and as No good is ever come from Nazareth – and as the Cross-Hair, spider bones of Jordan is Bull's EYE, Ram Horned Echo short of where the Golden Skull's implanted, So the Salamandrine Angels Lave incoming Infant Limbs with fatness bred of waxing weariness in Tarred & finned & feathered Flight. I am Here: and Lambeth Bulketh Large. And Golgonooza, London-based Is the Golgotha of Calvary.

OHIO is a Friendly Place, One of my Endorsers says: "He is no warbling Brook. More like a stumbling pebble, he looks like any Victim. He looks like me – but for the Distance He yet keeps". Another thinks that I am Humpty-Dump-ty – all Flash and no Substance. These are, verily, my FRIENDS.' AETHELRED 20-9-78